

Bitter Sweet

THE FLAVOR OF NORTH COUNTRY LIVING

January / February 1984
Vol. Seven, No. Two \$1.50

SPECIAL WINTER EDITION



Lovell Splendor by Dodo Knight

**Mt. Washington Valley Ski Pioneers
Carroll Reed, Harvey Gibson, Hannes Schneider
Horse Loggers in Cornville & Mercer**

**Woodstove Cookery
Cross-Country Skiing Tips
Novelist Margaret Dickson**





From the
early days,
Americans have
sought to protect their
HOMES, FAMILIES, and
TRANSPORTATION . . .

Shouldn't you have
adequate coverage?

check with

robert l. milton
insurance agency
for all your insurance needs

- life
- group

- auto
- home

Lower Main Street, Norway
743-6554

Main Street, Gray
657-3999

871 Court Street, Auburn
783-1221



We are ready to help you convert



into

Tomorrow's Energy Source
TODAY!

JOHN P. CULLINAN CO.
Your Energy Company for the 80's

Charles Street, So. Paris
743-8991



CLASSIC



Pick BitterSweet

The best gift for
yourself or others

You Don't Say

Bumper Stickers Seen

In Yarmouth: "I love young girls, old trucks, rock 'n roll, spring flowers in Maine and stupid dogs."

On a beat-up pick-up truck in Gorham: My other car is a Mercedes-Benz."

License Plates Seen

In Portland: "Ah-Hah" and "Say Ahhh."

A high-back rocker that's snowshoe-tough

Our high-back Rocker is beautifully rugged, carefree, lightweight (about 10 pounds) and versatile. It's especially practical and attractive for rough-wear areas such as family rooms or patios, in vacation homes or ski lodges.

This Rocker is from our limited edition of occasional furniture that's hand fashioned by the same Maine craftsmen who are renowned for their SnoCraft snowshoes. Each Rocker is magnificently crafted out of top-grade white ash and carefully selected rawhide lacing, the natural textures hand-worked and finished with durable, high-quality clear varnishes.

Order the SnoCraft Rocker by mail or phone (207/743-7053) using check or major credit card.

Be sure to send for our free catalog of other SnoCraft chairs, coffee and end tables and accessories.



High-back Rocker: \$125 each*

Back height: 45". Seat: 19" W x 17 1/2" D x 17" H. Also available in low-back model (back height: 34"): \$110 each*

*No extra charges for shipping
Maine Residents
please add 5% sales tax.

SnoCraft

BOX B/TANNERY STREET/NORWAY, MAINE 04268

The Barn on 26

Specializing in Refinished Oak



We offer a fine selection of oak furniture, completely restored and refinished by hand to its original "turn-of-the-century" elegance and beauty.

Choose from a variety of pieces including round and square oak tables (all with leaves), pressed back chairs, rockers, bureaus, commodes, chests, roll-top and flat-top desks, and more.

Rely on our past years of experience to assist in furnishing your home or office, or simply to provide that one piece for a special spot. Also, bring your own pieces in for a free estimate. We can restore them to their original condition.

LOCAL & OUT-OF-STATE DELIVERY AVAILABLE

We're located 3 1/2 miles north of Gray Village

Open 10 a.m. - 4 p.m. Thurs. & Fri.

8 a.m. - 5 p.m. Sat. & Sun.

or by appointment

Closed Mon. - Tues. - Weds.

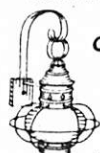
VISA

MasterCard

Route 26 - Poland Spring Road
GRAY 657-3470



Offering the finest in handcrafted lighting fixtures for indoors and outdoors in copper, brass, and pewter.



HERITAGE LANTERNS

70A Main St., Yarmouth
OPEN MON-FRI 9-4, SAT 9-12

Cute Cuts

From smooth and sassy to sleek and classy, we've got a cut for you.

*Looking
Glass*

103 Maine St.
Brunswick
725-7065

Hairstyling

75A Main St.
Yarmouth
846-5191



Meadowcreek Herb Garden

Culinary & Decorative Herbs
Crafts, Wreaths, Potpourries, Plants
15 Main St. in the Upper Village
829-3202 or 846-6370
Open Tues.-Sat. 10 to 4
or by appt.

The YARMOUTH AGENCY INSURANCE

Your Personal
Insurance Agency

JANE LINDAHL
MARGARET JAMESON
Box 718 • 18 Main Street
Yarmouth, Maine 04096
(207) 846-4644



Providing the finest in fashions to the women of Southern Maine for over 30 years.

*the house
of stiles*

125 Main St.
Yarmouth, ME 04096
846-4232

YARMOUTH — THE FRIENDLY VILLAGE

Davis Antiques

139 Main St.

Joe & Jackie Davis
formerly of Farmington, ME
invite you to visit
their new showroom,
located in the old
Vaughan's Pharmacy
Building

Store hours: Tues.-Sat. 10-4

846-3311

Visa & MasterCard
Welcome

Antiques, Glass, China, Crafts
Collectibles, Furniture
Consignments Accepted Daily

ANTIQUES 'N STUFF

At: Smith's General Store
32 Main Street in the Upper Village
Phone 846-6311

Custom-made Braided Rugs
Hooking & Braiding Materials,
Supplies, Braiding Classes



The Red Shed Antiques

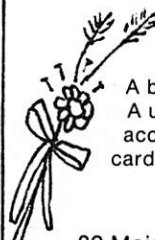
4 rooms of
Country Furniture & Collectibles

Winter hours: 10-4 Thurs., Fri., Sat.
Weather Permitting

12 Pleasant Street

(207) 846-5817

The Last Straw



A blend of the old & the new
A unique gift shop featuring
accessory antiques, candles,
cards, imported crystal & china
and collectibles

82 Main St., Yarmouth, ME
846-5696 04096
Valentine specialties

(207) 846-9458



Period Furniture,
Ceramics, Glass,
Metals, Rugs
and Paintings

ANTIQUES

17 E. Main St. (Rt. 88) Wilmont M. Schwind, Jr.
Yarmouth, Maine Arlene Palmer Schwind

Cross Roads

Vol. Seven, No. 2

January / February, 1984

Elaine Dougherty
Publisher

Nancy Chute Marcotte
Editor

Diane Barnes
Sue Bonior
Glory Dunn
Lauren MacArthur
Marketing Representatives

Subscriptions: \$15.00/year
P.O. Box 266, Cornish, ME 04020

BitterSweet Views

Read It Here, Faithful Readers

Well, it's the new year and our new winter issue, and I think we've come over some of the rocky road that always attends a transition period.

We have all travelled many real miles—back and forth from Elaine's office in Florida to Judy's in Cornish, Maine, to my home in South Paris, to the printer in Lewiston. Our sales people have covered most of southwestern Maine and territory well into New Hampshire and met a good many of you.

Sue Bonior, marketing representative and writer from coastal Maine, has sent some notes "from the road" (keep reading!). And our Kezar Falls rep., **Glory Dunn**, picked up an interesting poem—expect to see more of these news notes each month about people from all over. **Diane Barnes** and husband **Jack** have sent us lots of information from their home in Hiram (see Jack's new column on page 14). He's got plenty of stories in the works and Diane is pushing BitterSweet sales into North Conway—hurray for them both!

Also, **Lauren MacArthur**, who sells ads for BitterSweet in the Bethel and Norway areas and who writes for the North Conway Irregular, has written a story for us this month that I've wanted for years. It's a great tale of intrigue and dedication surrounding **Carroll Reed**, **Hannes Schneider**, and the other men who brought skiing to the eastern United States. It begins on page 11.

Snuffing Rumors, We Hope

People have been talking about the new BitterSweet everywhere. As usual,

5 Committed to Horse Logging: Tom Hamilton of Cornville. Photo Story by Scott Perry of Farmington.

8 Folk Tale: Earl Wendell Davis of Mercer Talks about the Old Days of Horse Logging by Scott Perry.

9 Snow Widows by Evelyn Potter of Kents Hill.

11 Ski Pioneers of Mt. Washington Valley: Carroll Reed, Harvey Gibson, Hannes Schneider & others by Lauren MacArthur. Photos courtesy No. Conway Irregular.

14 Notes From Brookfield Farm, Hiram by Jack Barnes. Art by Mary Wallman of Buckfield.

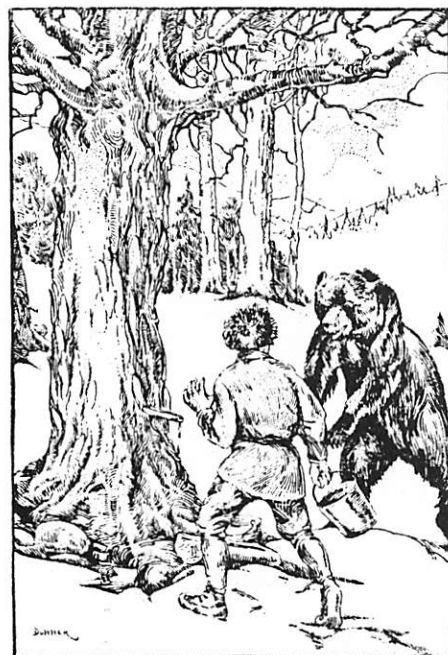
15 "The Mainers" by Tim Sample.

16 Mornings of Pleasure: Sledding by Ellsworth Greene.

17 Winter Home: Color Photography by Dodo Knight of Lovell.

21 Home on the Range - Cooking with Wood by Cleo Stilphen of Bolsters Mills.

23 Food For Thought: Barn Chores by Lucia Owen of Bethel.



24 Cross Country Skiing: Story & Photos by Jane Chandler.

25 Medicine For The Hills by Dr. Michael LaCombe. Allegory II

27 In The North Woods of Maine - from an 1875 boys' adventure by E.E. Thomas. Condensed by Lorraine Greig of Hartford. 50-yr.-old artwork by H. Boylston Dummer.

30 Off The Shelf: Margaret Dickson by Jack Barnes.

35 Dear Carolyn, Part IV: Cross-country tales of 4 New England girls in 1928.

Cover Photo: Lovell Golf Course, Winter View by Dodo Knight

Ayah

letters to the editor

Merry Christmas and Many Blessings in the New Year. We sure enjoy the *BitterSweet*, it's a must in our family.

Ruth & Sherman Colby
South Paris

I enjoyed the story about George Robley Howe of some time ago (July, 1983). I just wanted you folks to know that I have the old 1918 unabridged dictionary of George Howe's.

After George died, his brother Freeland had to clean the place out and as my brother Bill often catered to Freeland, rides, etc., he helped Freeland to clean out the house. By this date there was not much of value left but Freeland gave Bill a few mineral books and the dictionary. Unfortunately, George never signed any of his books that I have now.

As for his last days, he moved into a room of Bill Mortram's and boarded the winter of '46 & '47—how much longer I don't know, but I did visit with him there. Mortram's house was formerly owned by Seth Chipman. It is on Cottage Street, next after the Mason's block.

"Zack" (Leland) Taylor
Oxford, Mass.

"Out on a Limb with a Bear after Me"
Illustration from *In The North Woods of Maine* by H. Boylston Dummer.

I like your last issue—it was good. Was afraid it was going to fold in Sept. . . . Merry Christmas and the very best New Year.

Sarah Spencer
Rumford, Me.

So pleased to get the NEW *BitterSweet*, and how timely the Artemus Ward article is, because John Pullen's book **Comic Relief: The Life and Laughter of Artemus Ward** is now supposed to come out in the 150th anniversary year of Artemus' birth—Jan., 1984. He sent me a review which appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle* and one from the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* . . . so you can see how pleased I was to get the Nov./Dec. issue and see the good article about Artemus. Artemus means a lot to me because I first learned of him in my 8th grade class at Fillmore Union School, Calif. He was from Maine (Artemus) and kids at school made fun of me . . . The teacher made me stay after school all year and say, "Around the rough and rugged rock the ragged rascal ran," over and over, whirling (or something like that) my rrr's. That was to develop my speech. So, when we took up Artemus in the class we had something in common, and he stayed with me for years. I hoped then I would live in Waterford sometime and I did!!! So, I've been thinking very kindly of Artemus since 1927 and my California English class!

So, keep the good articles coming and I like the color inside, too.

Margaret Sawyer
Waterford, Me.

Please add another year to my *BitterSweet* subscription. I am just so pleased that your little magazine has been revived. For me, each issue brings a little touch of gentleness, a touch of home.

Rebecca Thomas
Luray, Va.

THESE READERS ALL SUBSCRIBE TO BITTERSWEET.

Ayah

BitterSweet Views

some people have kept us going by renewing their subscriptions, sending new stories, being patient with our size changes from small-to-large-to-small-to-large again; and with paper grade and price changes. I'm especially proud of you charter members who have been with us since the fall and winter of

1977—like a certain Mrs. Thurber, who recently wrote: "I guess I know a good thing when I see it." You've been incredibly patient when the magazine has been late or I've not been able to answer your letters quickly enough, due to a complete lack of office staff, or when the phone has gone unanswered (something we soon hope to remedy with an answering machine). Most of you have understood that we've been doing this in the best tradition of "kitchen table" publications—and have loved us anyway. We have lots of good things in store for all of you.

I've been disturbed, though, by rumors which have no basis, and which people who read this column know are untrue. But they've hurt us already, in some ways, and I want to stop them if I can.

BitterSweet has new owners, yes, and a new printer, and a new main office, and a new sales staff. But it still has, for better or worse, the same old editor and I still live in the same town where I grew up. For reasons that make excellent economic sense to everyone here, we're selling *BitterSweet* in New Hampshire and Boston—and pertinent stories about life all over northern New England will be among our (we hope ever-expanding) pages. But don't let anyone tell you that we're abandoning our western Maine roots—that most assuredly is **not** so, and will never be so as long as I have anything to say about it. This is a commitment we've all made: *BitterSweet* will still be your local magazine. That will be even more true if you support us.

We will be on as many news stands as we can. But what we really want and need is your subscription—yours and your mother's, your brother's, your great-uncle's, your niece's. Each and every one of you is precious and necessary—and as many of you as possible.

We proceed into 1984 with renewed spirit, and lots to read here in these pages. I'll leave you with a thought heard at my church: "If you see someone without a smile, give him one of yours."

Nancy Marcotte

On The Road

With Sue Bonior:

The Christmas tree has reluctantly come down and our gifts have been put into use . . . the sweaters, the warm winter boots and a fine new coffee pot. Now Christmas, 1983 is left to our memories: of yuletide greetings received from friends and distant relatives; of the good cheer of strangers thrown together

as last minute shoppers; of the warmth of the holiday shared with all the most special people in our life.

Another memory I have of this past Christmas season is of the many, many personal calls I made to merchants in little towns along the southern Maine coast, as one of *BitterSweet*'s new "marketing representatives." The November/December issue of *BitterSweet* was the first one that many whom I visited had ever seen, and their reaction to it was very gratifying.

"Ooohs and aahs" were quite common when people first saw the Christmas night cover picture with its rich blue tones. And once they looked inside to all the seasonal reading material that awaited them, I received a smile and a kind "thank-you" from each and every one. In many of the offices where I left a complimentary copy, receptionists would intercept it and sneak a peek before setting it out for their customers.

I did meet a few people in Yarmouth who, to my surprise, were quite familiar with *BitterSweet*. Joe and Jackie Davis, of the new Davis Antiques shop on Yarmouth's Main Street, were very pleased to see me arrive with *BitterSweet* in hand. The Davises formerly did business in Farmington, and did their buying all around Oxford County. Joe looked forward to picking up the magazine on the news stand, since he knew several of the advertisers and some of the people and places featured in *BitterSweet*'s pages.

Up the street at The Last Straw gift shop, employee Sharon True was delighted to see *BitterSweet* again. She hails from the Greenwood area of Mechanic Falls, and for a number of years her parents lived at Hebron Academy. Sharon remembers picking up *BitterSweet* at Bizier's Bi-Rite on Norway Lake, and reading stories about people and places she grew up with.

Further up the street, at Antiques 'n Stuff, I started to tell proprietor Nancy Sawyer about *BitterSweet*. But she interrupted me, saying, "Oh, I'm familiar with your magazine. My mother picks it up on her way through when she goes over to New Hampshire, visiting." Nancy enjoys *BitterSweet*'s stories and was anxious to share the November/December issue with her family.

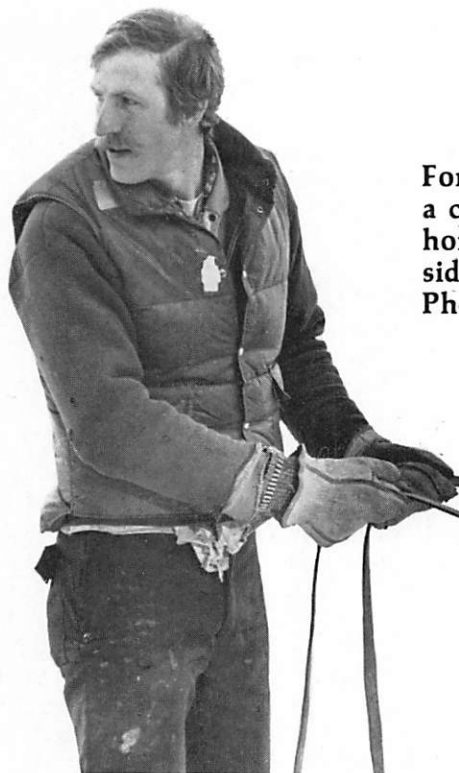
Whether or not people along Maine's southern coast have known the delight of our magazine in the past, one thing is clear. They are glad it has arrived! Introducing them to *BitterSweet* will surely

Page 34 . . .



Committed to Horse Logging

Photo Story by Scott Perry



For Tom Hamilton of Cornville, a commitment to logging with horses is a commitment to consideration & respect of the woods. Photos & story by Scott Perry.

At first it's hard to tell that there is a logging operation in progress in this woodlot along Route 150 north of Harmony village. It's so quiet. The roar of a skidder dragging a big load of tree-length logs is missing. It has been replaced with the quiet groan of straining harness leather and the subtle rattle of chains that hitch a massive pair of Percheron draft horses to a single pine log as

they make their way from a narrow woods road into the yard where the wood is stockpiled for delivery to the mill. However, the silence is broken by the occasional buzz of the irreplaceable chainsaw.

"I'm not opposed to skidders. There's a place for everybody," states Tom Hamilton of Cornville, owner and sole employee of this logging operation. As he wrestles a big, pine

log off the horse-drawn sled with a cant dog, he elaborates on his preference for logging with horses instead of skidders. He agrees that "horses can get into tighter places and do less damage to young trees than skidders." But, if there are a lot of big logs and a long distance to twitch them out, then a skidder can do it faster. "Many machine loggers can 'get the job done with a minimum of damage to the woodlot.' But, he has seen others 'who have no respect and consideration for the land.'"

As we step aboard the sled, Hamilton makes a slight kissing sound to signal the horses to head back into the woods for another load of wood. "Today, a person can get started (in horse logging) for around 5,000 to 6,000 dollars. That includes your team, harness and chainsaw," says Hamilton. "A skidder operation can cost 60,000 to 70,000 dollars." For newcomers to the business, buying a skidder can amount to a big bank loan with large payments to make. Therefore, many skidder owner-operators are under considerable pressure to get the wood out fast in order to make those payments. "This doesn't foster good woodlot man-



agement," says Hamilton. As we pass over some horse manure deposited during an earlier trip through the woods, Hamilton comments with a sly grin, "we even fertilize the woodlot, and we don't charge 'em for it either."

When our ride from the yard to the cutting site ends, Hamilton yells "gee." The horses immediately respond with a right turn at a fork in the road. Then he yells, "Haw around," as the team makes a left circle, positioning the sled alongside another log.

"Logging appears to be simple, but it is very complex," Hamilton continues. "Especially with horses. There's a definite limit of power. If a big tree goes down the wrong way (away from the woods road), it's very difficult to twitch it out, and time consuming." For this reason felling trees is an important part of an economically successful harvest.

He rolls another big log onto the sled, chains it in place and we climb aboard for the ride back to the yard. Along the way Hamilton has to stop the horses a few times to let them rest. "Horses have their drawbacks," says Hamilton. "You can't just shut them off and forget about them for the weekend. You have to feed them morning, noon and night, seven days a week. You have to cut a good road through the woods, and remove brush to make sure there is nothing that will trip them up or poke them in the legs."

After we get back to the yard and the logs are unloaded, it's time for lunch. Hamilton unhitches the horses and feeds them first before opening his own lunch pail. We talk about how he got started in this business.

In 1976 Hamilton was a school teacher with his own woodlot that needed thinning out. After looking at a tractor that was nothing more than a \$1000 bucket-of-bolts," he decided, since he was not mechanically minded, that buying a horse would be a "cheaper and better way to go" if he was going to do the work himself. At the suggestion of a neighboring farmer, Hamilton looked for a mare which could be bred. He

bought a Percheron mare named Isis.

"Isy has been the foundation of our farm as well as a working unit," he says. By foundation he means that Isis has been bred to produce four foals that have been sold or trained to become more "working units." He learned to work with horses from a couple of "old timers" around central Maine who were raised with horses.

Hamilton says he learned the basics of logging by watching other loggers at work. Although he had been teaching for five years and had a master's degree, Hamilton decided to switch over to horse logging full time in 1978 because he needed something he could apply himself to 100 percent.

Back when the old timers were young loggers like Hamilton, the minimum log diameter the mills

would accept was much larger than it is today. Only the big logs were worth harvesting. Horses were ideal for working virgin timber and snaking out those big logs. As the big logs got scarce, it became more profitable to remove a high volume of smaller trees from clear-cut stands. Big, powerful machines became the most practical means of harvesting timber. And the obsolete work horses were reduced to pets or horse-pull contestants at agricultural fairs.

Today many land owners are giving more consideration to careful woodlot management. Methods of logging that do minimal damage to new growth and to the forest floor are gaining wider acceptance. Thus, the market for horse loggers has returned. Hamilton says that many land owners believe horse loggers will leave their residual forests looking better than if it were logged with



Opposite page, a load of cedar rails on a horse-drawn sled and dray. At left, Tom Hamilton rests his horses on a trip from cutting site to yard.

skidders. But, he personally believes a careful skidder operator can do a neat job, too.

For anyone thinking of having their woodlot managed, Hamilton recommends that they "find a respectable operator—skidder or horse—and ask to see some of their previous work. It's the smart thing to do. And it's surprising how few woodlot owners take the time to do this. I try to get people to thin their lots out, to nurture them. I don't go in and strip."

Scott Perry is a photojournalist in Farmington.

Folk Tale

Earl Wendell Davis of Mercer Talks about the Old Days of Horse Logging

"My first horse I bought when I was 14. I cut hay with a hand scythe all summer. I've had horses ever since. Wasn't nothin'. A lot of boys my age were drivin' horses.

"When I started working for Great Northern (Paper Co.) you had to cut 5000 foot (board feet) a day. If you didn't cut 5000, someone else took your place. In 1922 you were paid a dollar a day and your board. Back then, getting your board was pretty good. The most logs I ever saw cut by two men was 53,000 foot in one week. That's two men with nothin' but a cross cut saw and an axe. It was up on Spencer Stream. Fred Johnson was one fella's name—can't remember the other's.

"When I was 17 years old, I drove a team of four horses off of Bigelow Mountain. Each day I started at 3 a.m. to feed and get the team ready and I didn't quit working 'til 8 o'clock at night. And I was paid three dollars a day by Great Northern. There weren't many foolish enough to drive off a mountain. We used 1400 feet of snub line. Snub line is steel cable wrapped back and forth around three wheels anchored to the ground with drum brakes inside each wheel

hooked to a lever. A fella would pull back on the lever to keep the logs and the horses from going down the mountain too fast.

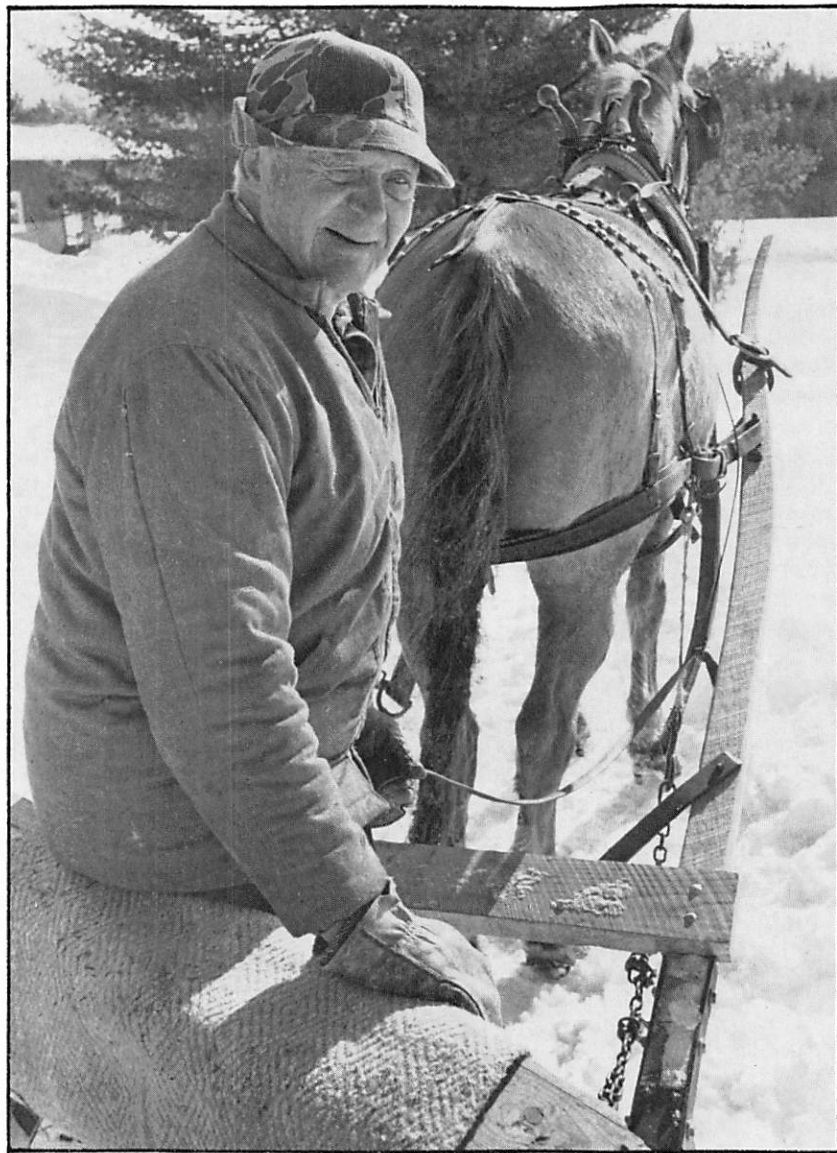
"Back then Great Northern had 1030 horses. They kept farms in the woods just for the horses. There was the Pittston farm just above Greenville, the Grant farm near Kokajo and a farm in Anson.

"I never drove a skidder all my life. And I've been in the big woods 20 winters. I've been on a (river log) drive 10 springs.

"A year ago last July I was operated on for cancer. The doctor said I

was never going to work again. I asked him, 'What! Am I going to die tomorrow or the next day?' He said no. I've been workin' ever since.

"Now, we (he and nephew George Davis of Mercer) get out only two cord a day. We only work from 8 a.m. to 1 o'clock. That's all I need to work. I'm 73 years old. Well, I guess you could say I've been alive this long because I never smoked tobacco. I don't drink much liquor. And I never chased any wild women 'til I was at least 11 years old."



Above, Earl Wendell Davis with his horse, "Buck." Photo by Scott Perry

Scott Perry

A Kents Hill woman remembers decades of dedicated waiting while her husband plowed the winter roads.

Snow Widows

The snow made a watery path as it slid down my kitchen window. I stood at my sink washing the cooking utensils from my bread making. From our basement, where my husband was puttering, came the hum of the skill saw and the occasional pound of the hammer. The birds were busy at the feeder, not to be disturbed by the snowplow as it came up our country road. The bearded young man at the wheel of the plow gave me a hearty wave as he went by. He knew I was remembering, as only the week before we had told him to stop by anytime for coffee or a meal, when the nights were long and he was unable to get to his home at the other end of town because of the severity of a storm.

I remember forty years ago, when the only time during the winter months I would get to spend time with my husband-to-be was to ride as "second wing man" on the snowplow. I remember feeling drowsy from watching the snow flakes coming toward us in the night; drowsy from the hum of the motor and the warmth of the cab, roused only when we came to a particularly difficult drift of snow that needed an extra push, or an occasional remark from the usually quiet men intent upon the job at hand. During the winters after our marriage and I became a "Snow Widow," I would think back to those times and wonder why I did not learn my lesson from those "night rides," but, then, the sun would always shine, the roads would clear and we had a reprieve until the "next one."

I remember the first winter of our marriage. By this time, new laws had been passed and there was no longer a wing man, first or second, so I would sit before the open oven of our wood stove for the extra warmth, and watch the suppers go dry on that stove because there was not time to stop to eat, only to grab a donut or turnover from the Corner Store to eat with the thermos of coffee. I remember the lesson I learned from that first winter and all the times after that first year, I would pack a large basket of food, thermos of coffee and of soup and by doing this I was performing the wifely duty of seeing her husband was well fed.

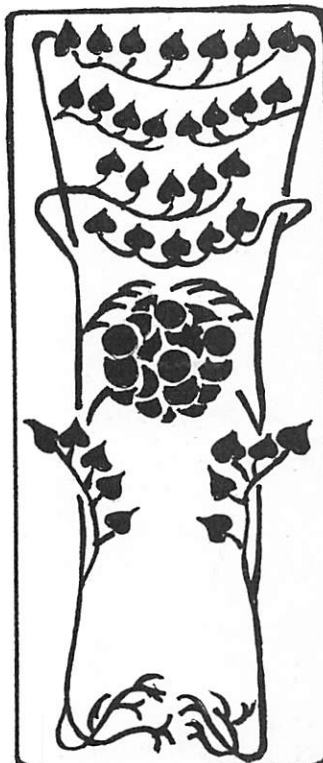
For days of good reading,
for local history worth keeping,
for a look at literary lions,
and the New England art scene,

Pick BitterSweet

For your friends & neighbors
& people you'd love to meet . . .
this is the magazine for you.

Subscribe Today

one year (10 issues) \$15



cut here

Subscription Orders

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Zip _____

Gift from _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Zip _____

Gift from _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Zip _____

Gift from _____

\$15 each • Mail to P.O. Box 266 • Cornish, ME 04020



AND LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO DO?

Check out our "Tourist Trap" on Rt. 2, Bethel

GROAN & MCGURN

WE ARE THE MAINE COON® and
MOOSE T-SHIRT PEOPLE

We've got our shirts together

LOTS OF OTHER GIFT ITEMS • MAIL ORDER AVAILABLE

Subscription Orders

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Zip _____

Gift from _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Zip _____

Gift from _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Zip _____

Gift from _____

\$15 each • Mail to P.O. Box 266 • Cornish, ME 04020

I remember being thankful that both of our daughters were due to be born in the warmer months, thus enabling my husband to be available to take me to the hospital and even spend a few days with us after baby and I arrived home. I remember when our daughters were small and they would hear the snow plow coming and they would guess that Dad was driving 'cause "Dad shifts gears at the same place on the hill every time." I remember the cold winter nights when we had been without a storm for a few days and Dad was "still up," we would celebrate with popcorn and Pepsi. Then our daughters were married and we had our first grandson. He could not understand why he had to "play quiet," while Prampy slept in the daytime, and when he found a cereal box decal, "Beast is Sleeping, to Awaken him would cause Peril," he put it on Prampy's bedroom door. Thirteen years later, the decal is still there—I smile when I look at it and remember.

I remember the phone calls at all hours of the night and the familiar voice on the other end saying, "There is 2 inches of snow, time to go out." Then, we, in turn, would make our assigned calls to pass the word. "Snowing again," would be all we needed to say. I remember we did not have a extension by our bed. My husband saying we did not need two phones, but not long after that he arose quickly to answer one of the "night calls," ran SMACK into the door and I remember I was told to order an extension phone the very next day. *Not* to be forgotten were the phone calls I would get long after he had gone out, wondering where he was and why THEIR road had not been plowed.

I remember the odor of gas fumes and diesel fuel; the smell of wet boots, liner and socks drying over the register; the special boots and coveralls that were necessary and what a Godsend it was when insulated underwear, vests and jackets came along; and the times I walked around and around in the grocery store trying to find "something different," for those endless basket lunches and thermos, only ending up with the "same old thing."

I remember the Christmases when the men worked in shifts so each of them would have time to come home for a few hours for their kids' tree and to have breakfast with the family. Somehow, it always snowed or the wind would "come up" and drift the snow on Christmas Eve or Christmas Day. I remember the Thanksgiving we had a freak snow storm and I tried to hurry dinner, only to have the

Page 15...



April 1937, Carroll Reed (far right) sends off the Valley's chosen men to attend the Schneider Ski School in Austria: (l. to r.) Tyler Micoleau, Arthur Callan, Francis Savard, Arthur Doucette, Jake May, Bert Jensen

Ski Pioneers

Bringing Hannes Schneider & Skiing to the Northeast U.S.

by Lauren MacArthur

"Once upon a time" is how this tale begins. And from that beginning—almost fifty years ago—an incredible series of events has made Mt. Washington Valley the vacationers' port for all seasons.

The tale begins with a tragedy, adds a little luck, provides some intrigue, and reveals some questionable tactics—but, overall, demonstrates the pioneer spirit of an entire community.

Skiing in the East, in the early 1900's, was mainly a sport engaged in only by persons who had easy access to the mountains. Not too many "flatlanders" knew too much about it.

Skis were usually handmade, had nothing but toe straps to hold the feet in, and tested the devotion of the ambitious would-be skier. It was a struggle. The skis offered no control and the skier could do nothing but go straight.

This was a definite problem since there were no formal ski trails. The skier used logging trails, fire trails, and any other natural slopes he could find—often with disastrous results.

Enter part one of our tale: The Tragedy.

During the winter of 1934, a young man from Boston was skiing a logging trail on Wildcat. He bounced off the trail, landing in such a way that the local doctor—a Dr. Shedd (known as the "Ski Doctor")—literally picked him up in pieces and patched him back together.

The young man suffered a broken back and spent nineteen weeks in the hospital, allowing him plenty of time to think. And—believe it or not—what he thought about was that he'd like to live in the Valley permanently; and wouldn't it be nice if people could come here and learn to ski properly, lessening the chances of suffering an accident such as his.

While lying flat on his back he read an article published in an American Mountain Club quarterly by writer Tom Cabot. The article told all about ski schools of Europe, stressing Hannes Schneider's "Ahlberg Technique" of skiing. Schneider was the ski genius of Europe, having developed original downhill mountain skiing (using two poles instead of one), the snowplow turn, and stem turn.

The last sentence in the article stated, "Someday there will be ski schools in America."

"Why not?" thought young Carroll Reed as he lay immobilized in that hospital bed. And, although the body was balking, the brain kept talking.

Reed contacted Benno Rybizka, ski director at Hannes Schneider's Ski School in Austria.

He borrowed \$1000 from a Boston friend and he went around to Mt. Washington Valley inns selling memberships to his proposed ski school. The inns paid a certain amount per bed, entitling their guests to lessons at a reduced rate.

The money Reed raised from this operation paid for a round-trip ticket for Benno Rybizka. It was now 1936 and some Good Luck entered the picture here.

The first annual Winter Sports Show was being held at Boston Arena. The show's promoters contracted to have Hannes Schneider ski the indoor slide—which emerged from the arena rafters with a surface that looked like cracked ice.

Schneider arrived, bringing Rybizka—who would go on to Mt. Washington Valley—and Otto Lang, another Schneider instructor who was going to the West Coast.

Reed, in a recent telephone interview from his winter home in Florida,

Dealer in

trak

& Jarvinen

Jotul

Wood Stoves

X-Country Skis

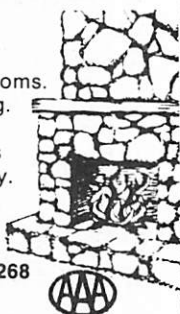
Fish scale & omnitrak
Sales • Service • Rentals
Clothing • Waxes • Gaiters
Poles & Bindings

Frost & Flame

Cor. Sand Bar Rd. & Rte. 115
No. Windham, ME 892-3070

Ledgewood Motel

- Large, comfortable rooms.
- Central to great skiing.
- Miles of x-country and snowmobile trails with ski rentals nearby.
- Better than ever with off-season rates.



Rt. 26 - Norway, ME 04268
207-743-6347



We treat our customers with tender loving care



Prim's
REHAB
PHARMACY

If ski & winter sports season is your downfall, come to

Prim's for convalescent aids

crutches • linament • ice packs
ace bandages • tape • gauze
vitamins • chapsticks • moisturizers
and more!

Main Street
Bethel
824-2820

Market Square
South Paris
743-6223

remarked about the "great exposure" the show offered the Valley at "just the right time." And the winter of 1936 provided "just enough snow" to launch the new industry. Luck.

"At that time," commented Reed, "we used to ski Arthur Zales' Eagle Mountain golf course. And sheep were pastured on the slope. So with the combination of sheep dung and an inch of snow," he laughed, "we could really ski!"

Meanwhile, the local brand of homemade, handmade skiing went on. Some avid participants in the sport were members of North Conway's *Granites* hockey team.

Arthur Doucette of Jackson, New Hampshire; Francis Savard, North Conway; Arthur Callan, North Conway; and Tyler Micoeau, then of Jackson, were hockey skaters addicted to bouncing around on skis during their free time.

"I was buying books," laughs Doucette, "trying to teach myself to ski."

He recalls his first attempt. "It was on a logging road," he remembers, "and what a thrill it was, sliding along! But we all took some terrific falls, because of the kind of equipment we had."

Wildcat Tavern in Jackson was the site of the first ski school—Carroll Reed's Eastern Slope Ski School, Hannes Schneider's American Branch. And while in New York to meet Rybizka, Reed went to see the administrators of Saks Fifth Avenue, who were opening a ski shop in Sun Valley, Idaho.

Reed was able to arrange with Saks to run a ski shop in conjunction with his ski school at the Tavern. For this undertaking, Saks paid him \$25 per week.

The first year for the school was a success. Six thousand lessons were given.

Training of local men to carry on the teaching was begun. In April of 1937, Rybizka took Doucette, Callan, Savard, and Micoeau back to Austria for a full month of training. Money for the trip was raised partly by the men themselves, partly by the town and supplemented with a \$200 interest-free loan to each of

them by Carroll Reed. Two others, Bert Jensen of Hanover and Jake May of the Valley (who went to learn bootmaking and ski repair) paid their own way to Austria.

Meanwhile, Saks people, not used to the long ski season here in the Valley, had come in February and removed their inventory, declaring the season was over. Reed responded



Arthur Doucette today,
Jackson, New Hampshire

by making other arrangements to satisfy his clientele, who would be skiing until late April or early May.

He drove to Hanover, to the Dartmouth Co-op, where a friend—John Piani—"filled up my station wagon with bindings, waxings, poles, and skis, etc. The merchandise went on my shelves and we stayed open until May. The shop then took on my own name—Carroll Reed."

It was obvious big things were happening in the Valley.

Harvey Gibson, a local man who was a banker with the Manufacturer's Trust Co. in New York, became very interested. He bought the old Randall House at the base of Cranmore Mountain. And an arrangement was made for Rybizka to go down to Eastern Slope Inn at Cranmore to instruct there. Franz Koesler—also of Schneider's Ski School—was contracted to come to Jackson.

During that second season, the two schools gave more than 12,000 lessons.

Community support was unwavering—to the point some tactics

taken then would most certainly fall under scrutiny today.

Slopes to handle skiers had to be developed. New trails had to be blazed. In Jackson, an article was actually placed on the town warrant to clear slopes on private land. \$2000 was appropriated and laborers were paid fifty cents per hour to clear the trails. And they just went in and did it! No one, not even the landowners, complained.

The development of Mt. Washington Valley mountains was "just done," also.

The mountain slopes were part of common lands designated in the original Eastman grant. They were common lands to be used by Valley citizens to graze their cattle and cut their firewood. But it seems few, if any, objected to the development, and the movement continued. It became of common interest to Valley citizens.

Still one piece of the developing Valley mosaic was missing. World War II found Hannes Schneider in prison in Austria. This is the Intrigue part of our tale.

Harvey Gibson knew having Schneider in residence in the Valley was the key. Through a German banker friend, Gibson was able to arrange for Schneider and his family to be taken to Germany and kept under house arrest.

Then Gibson, through his bank, was able to see that several banks holding short-term loans to Germany were bought up.

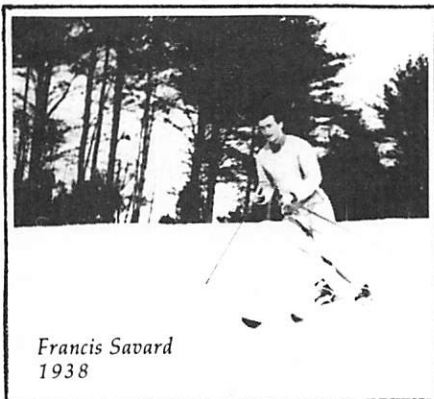
Negotiations were begun. No one really knows exactly how much money was involved—but it is estimated between five and fifteen million dollars in loans were cancelled in order to bring the Schneiders to North Conway.

Upon Hannes Schneider's arrival in the Valley, Gibson took him to Cranmore and told him, "This is your mountain . . . this is your ski school."

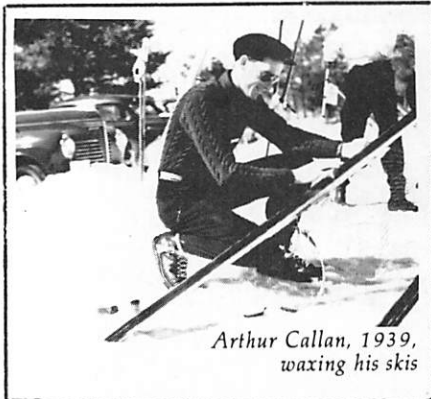
All the Valley's citizens were soon caught up in the fun and promotion of the skiing industry. Ski instructors Doucette, Savard, Callan and Micoleau were long back from Aus-



Throngs of skiers turn out to greet Mr. & Mrs. Hannes Schneider after their release from Nazi Germany in 1939. At right is banker Harvey Gibson; at left in white cap is Benno Rybizka.



Francis Savard
1938



Arthur Callan, 1939,
waxing his skis

tria and in place, training more and more ski enthusiasts. Callan, especially, was an extremely able instructor of advanced skiers at Cranmore and also headed up an impressive Junior Ski Program.

Every Saturday morning, the Eastern Slope Ski Club sponsored a race for school children at Birchmont (where the Red Jacket is now). The winner was outfitted with new skis, poles, bindings, and boots. And the winner passed on his old equipment to another child who needed it.

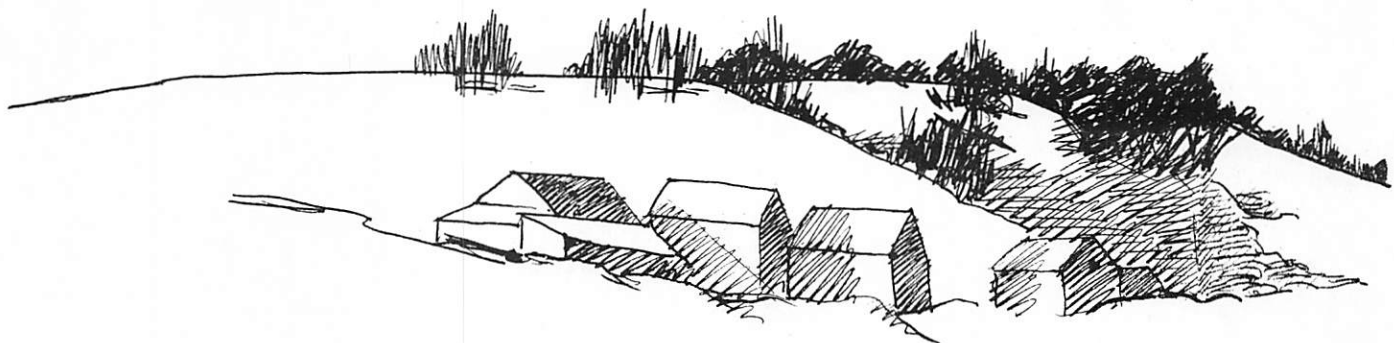
George Morton's invention of the Skimobile was an offshoot of the industry. And Carroll Reed organized the High Country Camping and Guide Service. This opened the Valley to tourists during another sea-

son and provided ski instructors with jobs in the summer.

Reed and his generation were the pioneers. They grabbed hold of an idea and fearlessly took chances and made decisions.

It is almost fifty years since Carroll Reed first thought, "Why not a ski school in America?" The citizens of the Valley can look back and trace all the ideas that have come from the original thought. And they should look ahead to the ideas that will continue to come.

Adapted from a story that first appeared in the North Conway Irregular. Lauren MacArthur lives with her four children in Oxford, Maine.



Notes From Brookfield Farm

by Jack Barnes

Local Color

This morning I stopped in at the local general store in the village to purchase a bag of laymash and a carton of two liter-size Tab to help my wife get through another week. Since my hens aren't producing many eggs and my wife is currently unemployed, the month of January has all the makings of an expensive month.

General stores have become more sophisticated in the line of merchandise that is sold. Almost everything is pre-packaged and there aren't any harnesses and horse collars hanging about. I miss the barrels heaped with crackers and the smell of salt fish stacked up on one end of the counter. Country stores today have a look of orderliness about them that has taken all the suspense and challenge out of shopping.

The challenge used to be to ask for something that the local proprietor failed to come up with. It didn't happen very often. The usual procedure, as I recall, when a customer asked for some obscure item was for the storekeeper to ponder for a moment and then either submerge into a potpourri of dry goods stacked almost as high as the ceiling and resembling somewhat the Leaning Tower of Pisa, disappear down a rickety set of stairs into a dungeon, or ascend another set of stairs into a mysterious attic. I never ceased to marvel at the extraordinary memory of the village storekeeper where

folks did their trading when I was a boy. I am certain he was the equal of Ben Franklin. It might take him a while, but one could usually follow his progress for he hummed incessantly. The more challenging the request, the louder he would hum—or so it seemed. Invariably he would reappear with the item in hand and an obvious look of satisfaction for a job well done.

"I knew 'twas about somewheah. It just wahnt handy. Now let's see. 'Twill be just a dollah and a quattah."

There isn't any place to play checkers anymore and probably there are few around who still play the game anyway. I can remember, but just barely, when the local store had one or two brass spittoons—compliments of the proprietor. Sanitation is the "in thing" today, but I never remember one of those old boys missing the mark unless someone (usually an out-of-stater) opened the door wide, paused for a moment, and let a gust of wind in just as someone let fly.

"By the Jeesus, shut that gawd damn door. You brought up in a bahn or sum'pin?" was the way some unsuspecting customer was usually greeted by storekeeper and loiterers alike—unless it happened to be a lady. But then, most ladies were very dainty about their entrance, and habitual users of cuss words quickly and wisely remained taciturn while in the presence of the opposite sex. Unfortunately, today all too frequently decorum is ignored, and the language tossed about

so freely in public places would very likely have shocked most of the cracker barrel set when I was a youngster.

Yes, the cracker barrels, salt cod, and harnesses are gone; and it is probably just as well that there aren't any spittoons because those who chew nowadays couldn't hit them anyway.

I have witnessed many changes, some for the better I shall admit, for I am not an obscurantist even though I am inclined to be a sentimentalist; but one thing I note that hasn't changed much over the years is the topic of conversation on a cold winter morning among the patrons who gather around the counter. It's invariably about how cold it is and what the remainder of the winter will probably be like. Of course, the conversation would most likely expand eventually beyond the topic of the weather; but there is no place to sit so folks have a tendency to cut short their conversation and get about the business of not doing much of anything elsewhere, which is what our congenial but thrifty proprietor has in mind.

This morning was no exception. Two of our leading candidates for the local color award were expounding upon the weather in great style as I came through the door that connects the grain room with the main part of the store.

"I 'spose iffen we kin make it through January," gesticulated one, "the rest of the wintah wahnt be so bad, but gawda'mighty hain't it cold!

I'm some glad I got into gear and laid in a good supply of wood last fall."

"By gawd, yes," retorted the other, "I burnt up a hell of a lot already. I said to Nellie last fall, 'Nellie, the way them squirrels is layin' in them acorns, we're in for an old christah.'"

By next week end we'll probably have a thaw and the same two will be standing around the counter again exclaiming about what a mild winter we are having.

Our rural communities, indeed, have undergone considerable transformation in the last twenty years. They have attracted a multitude of gifted and creative craftsmen and artists who have revived many crafts that seemed destined to disappear from the land where they had flourished for generations. We should feel deeply grateful to these marvelously talented folks, but I hope that we shall never see the day when we become so cosmopolitan that we are bereft forever of what is fondly referred to as our "local color."

Jack Barnes is teacher, writer, raconteur in Hiram, Maine.

... Page 10 Snow Widows

phone ring just before it was ready and the familiar voice saying, "go right out, cars are tied up everywhere," and that was the year the lady who lived across from the highway garage shared her turkey by sending sandwiches to the men to have as they came in to load the trucks with the road sand.

But, most of all, I remember how very special our summers were. Every week-end we planned something together, be it a trip to Story Land or a picnic at Berry Pond, we made our times together special.

Dad will retire soon. This will be the first time since I have known him he will be home during the snow storms. I asked him what he was going to do. I felt he would be bored. He looked at me with a smile and said he would not be bored, he was just going to sit by the window with his pipe and WATCH IT SNOW.

And I will remember, as the snow flakes come down outside my kitchen window, to say a prayer for the patience of all those "Snow Widows."

Mrs. E. Potter
Kents Hill

NORWAY SAVINGS BANK —
Your Hometown Friend Since 1886

presents
THE MAINERS
by
Tim Sample

Reprinted
by
permission
of
Thorndike Press



SUMMA?...I WOULDN'T GET YER. HOPES UP BOY...CLOSEST WE EVER GET TO SUMMA, IS 9 MONTHS OF WINTER AND 3 MONTHS OF RUFF SLEDDIN!



EQUAL HOUSING LENDER
MEMBER FDIC

- **Norway**
- **Bridgton**
- **Fryeburg**
- **Naples**

OFFERMAN & CO., inc.

the subject is
money-
yours

OFFERMAN & CO., inc.

If you're not getting 13% on your savings dollars, you should be.

6525 West Bluemound Road, Milwaukee, WI 53213, Phone: (414) 258-3500
Gentlemen: Please provide me with information on fixed income securities yielding 13%.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____ Tel. _____

MORNINGS OF PLEASURE

by Ellsworth Greene

A New England man who grew up in a small town at the beginning of the nineteenth century wrote of his childhood, "In looking back to those days the whole circle of the seasons seems to me almost like one unbroken morning of pleasure." That unbroken morning included winter. There is a chance he had a sled to help him enjoy it.

Fryeburg, Maine - The winter of 1952; the year the great blizzard of my youth piled snowdrifts to the second story windowsills on one side of our late eighteenth-century farmhouse and up to the eaves on the other side. It was the wild winter when my cousin Elmo and I climbed to the ridge of the roof where the lightning rods stood, and with pieces of cardboard under us for sleds, shot off from the tin roof down to the edge of Fish Street where the town plows had pushed the snow so high that a stranger passing down the road could not have seen that there was a warm friendly house nearby.

It was the winter that the snow crusted so hard and consistently that we could slide for almost a mile down our gently sloping fields without stopping, or hardly slowing down until we came to the bank of the Saco River. It was the winter that I lost a boot at the bottom of the slope in the mush by the river and had to struggle home with a freezing foot while I dragged my *Flexible Flyer* behind.

I don't think that it ever entered my head that the trip home would have been easier without the extra burden of hauling the sled all the way up that long hill. That was the winter when the clothesline rope that was tied to my sled seemed to be growing out of the fists of my mittened hands.

That was my first sled. I don't recall what happened to it after that winter, but I do know when I received it.

During the winter of 1944-45 while my father was engaged in the war against the Japanese in the Pacific my mother was toughing it out through another Maine winter in a farmhouse about a mile and half from the village of South Windham. She shared that house with her own little boy: me. Now anyone who knew me in those days will attest to the fact that I was

a cute little bugger, but even so I did present a bit of a problem for my mother, because I was just out of the infant stage. How was she to get to the village to see the doctor, shop at the market, or visit a friend when the need or the desire arose? A mile and a half may not seem far today, but it must be remembered that those were the days of strict gas rationing, besides which my mother did not drive, let alone own a motorcar at the time. And it was not always the easiest thing to connect with a neighbor who was going where you wanted to go at the time you needed to go there.

Mom had a way of conquering isolation and distance that winter. At the age of one year I received my first sled for Christmas. Of course I was too little to make use of it myself, but my mother saw to it that it was used all the same.

She took that sled and fastened two topless fruit boxes to it. When she wanted to go to the village after that she would bundle me up good and put me in one of the boxes and off she would go pulling the sled behind. After a day in town she would return home. Her little boy would fill one box while goods from the market might fill the other.

Generations of American children have known and enjoyed the thrill of going hell-bent-for-leather down snow-covered hills on sleds. Call it what you will, sledging, sliding, or coasting, the pastime has become a part of normal childhood wherever the snow falls. Even in areas where snow might fall just enough to cover the ground for only a day or two out of each winter children own sleds, and when that special day comes those children take to the nearest hill for the thrill of the season.

I know that for most adults today winter means increased fuel bills, slippery roads, hard to start cars, the back-breaking job of shoveling the walk, and all kinds of other things that can make winter a general pain in the neck. "I hate winter!" is what most of us exclaim almost as soon as we see the first leaf change color in autumn.

Well, squint your eyes, look into the brightness reflected off from almost any snow-covered hillside, and you will stand a good chance of seeing a child going as fast as possible down that hill on a sled. Then remember your own childhood and take at least a little pleasure out of winter again. You might even be tempted to join the children in their sport.

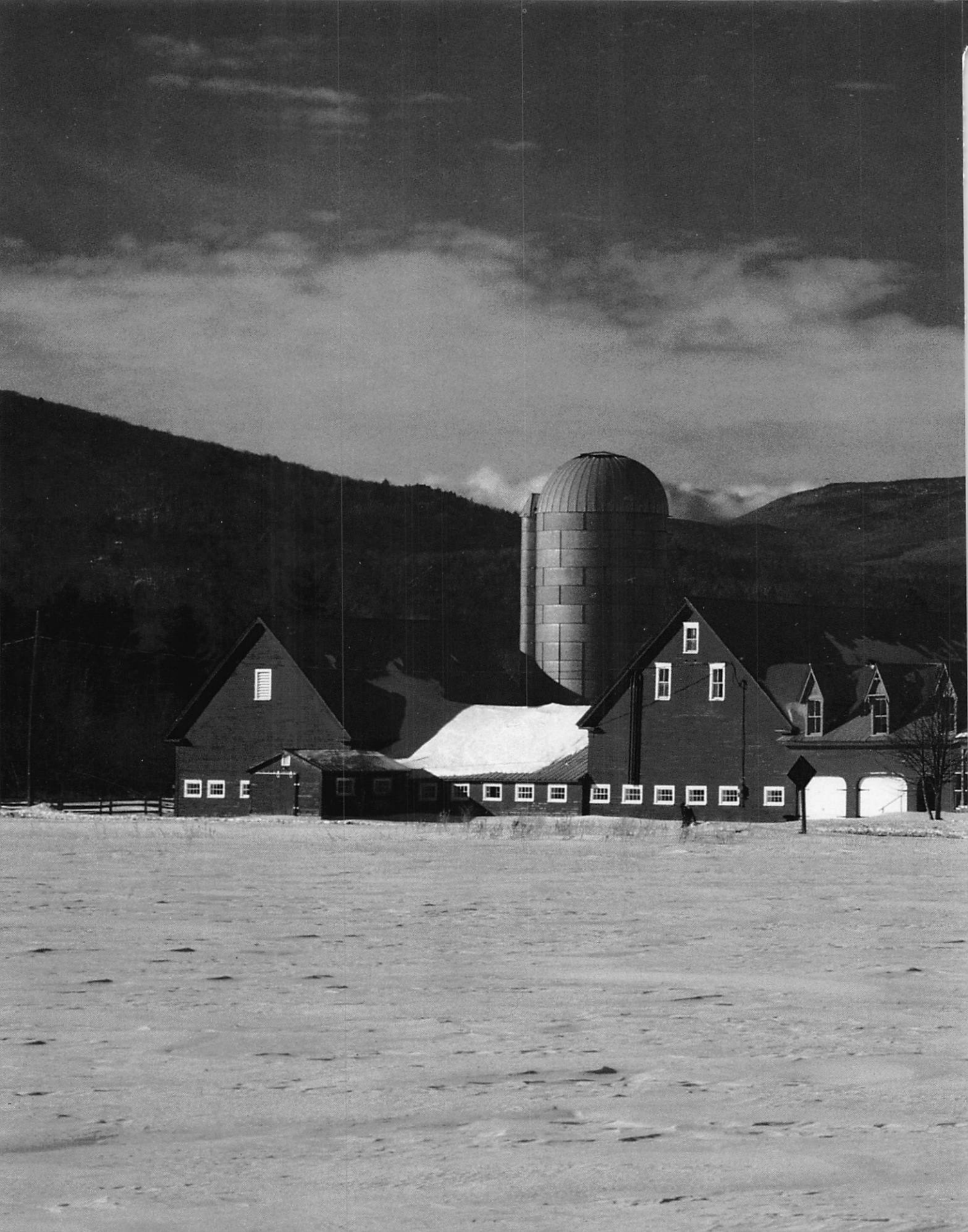




WINTER HOME

Photography by Dodo Knight









INDEX TO OUR ADVERTISERS

Antiques 'n Stuff, Yarmouth	pg. 2	Ken & Fred's Carpets, Norway	34
Barn on 26, Gray	1	Kitchen & Bath Designs, Norway	34
Bean's Restaurant, So. Paris	23	Klain Agency Insurance, Norway	34
Blue Cross, Blue Shield of Maine	25	Knudsen Studio-Shop, Falmouth	inside back cover
Blue Ribbon Shop, Norway	34	Last Straw, Yarmouth	2
Bolster Decorating, So. Paris	29	Ledgewood Motel, Norway	12
Bolster Monumental, Oxford	32	Looking Glass, Yarmouth	2
Books-n-Things, Oxford	31	Meadowcreek, Yarmouth	2
Casual Colony, Falmouth	inside back cover	Milton Insurance, Norway, Gray & Auburn	front cover
Cilla's Dress Shop, Norway	34	Norway Savings Bank, Norway, Naples, Bridgton, Fryeburg	15
Coastal Apparel, Falmouth	inside back cover	Offerman & Co., Milwaukee, WI	15
Cornish Inn, Cornish	back cover	Oxford Mill End Store, Oxford	29
John P. Cullinan Oil Co., So. Paris	front cover	Perham's Maine Mineral Store, West Paris	32
Davis Antiques, Yarmouth	2	Prim's Pharmacy, Bethel & So. Paris	12
Fare Share Market, So. Paris	23	Red Shed, Yarmouth	2
Fitch Insurance, Limerick	24	Schwind Antiques, Yarmouth	2
Frost 'n Flame, Windham	12	Sears Catalog Store, So. Paris	32
General Store for Pets, Falmouth	inside back cover	Seven C's Coffee Shop, Norway	23
Goodwin's Insurance, Norway	26	Ski Togs Plus, Falmouth	inside back cover
Groan & McGurn, Bethel	10	Small Hydro East, Newry	32
Brian Haddock, Bridgton	23	Smith's Shop 'n Save, So. Paris & Oxford	23
Kevin Heikkinen, State Farm Ins., Falmouth	inside back cover	SnoCraft, Norway	1
Heritage Lanterns, Yarmouth	2	Village Store, Bryant Pond	23
House of Stiles, Yarmouth	2	Weight Watchers, Falmouth	inside back cover
Howsie's Yarn Barn, Falmouth	inside back cover	WOXO Radio, Norway	26
Hutchins Jewelers, Norway	34	Yarmouth Agency Ins., Yarmouth	2

Homemade

HOME ON THE RANGE — COOKING WITH WOOD

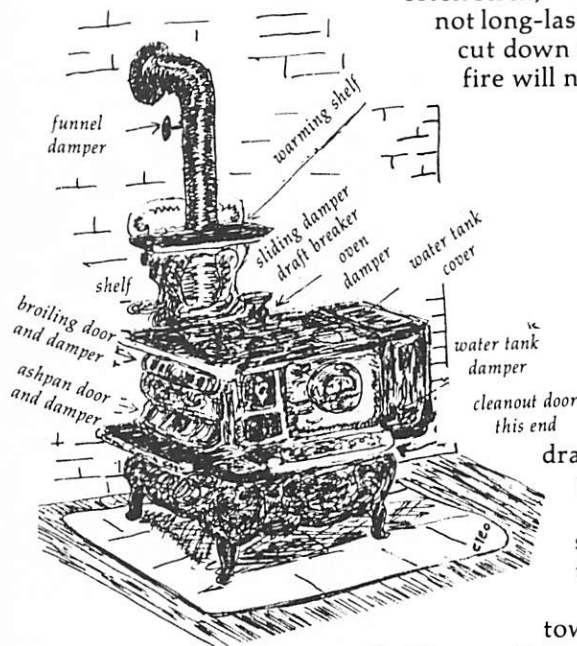
by Cleo Stilphen

"Makes Cooking Easy" is the message engraved into the nickel trim on my old Glenwood E kitchen range, which bears the date of 1903 on the oven door. There is also a thermometer in this door, fairly accurate, with a statement over each degree, telling what to bake at that temperature. 200° bears the message, "boil"; 300°, "sponge cake"; 350°, "plain cake"; 400°, "bread and roasts"; 450°, "biscuits", and we take it for granted that 500° and 550° are too hot for anything edible. However, there have been times, on cold wintry days when the oven damper was in operation, that the needle has disappeared past the 550° mark!

Since I learned to cook on a wood stove, as a child, cooking with wood is no great mystery to me. In these days of microwave ovens and stoves that can be set and timed to do practically everything except serve up dinner, it is to be imagined that the wood-stove is more or less a mystery to those newly introduced to heating and cooking with wood. From the remarks of surprise and wonder from people who have seen our stove and learned that we also cook with it, I would guess that there must be others who would like to know a little more about the use of the old kitchen range.

To begin at the beginning, we must start a fire, and before we start the fire we must have on hand, dry paper and dry, small sticks of kindling (often split from the larger pieces of stove wood). After laying a few pieces of lightly twisted paper such as newspaper in the bottom of the grate, we lay the kindling on top of it, lightly crisscrossed, and the dampers are open to allow a free draft of air to the funnel and chimney. Dampers are the secret of operating the stove properly: the funnel damper is open when it is straight up and down; closed, when it is horizontal to the stove-pipe; an inbetween angle is used in controlling the fire, to allow more or less draft, as needed. There will also be dampers elsewhere on the stove; the one beneath the firebox should be opened, also, before lighting the fire. Usually the damper under the fire-

Part I



box is set into a door, which opens to reveal the ashpan beneath the grates. We usually open this door all the way outward to start a fire. Some people light the paper from underneath, but we usually light it from the top, where we have removed the lids to load the stove. Replacing the lids allows the paper to ignite, and to start burning the kindling. When the kindling is burning briskly, we add a larger piece of wood, often birch, which is good for starting a fire, but

not long-lasting; when this is burning, we can cut down the drafts somewhat, so that the fire will not roar up the funnel. When you

wish to add more wood, be sure to open the drafts again so that you will not get smoke out into the room, but adjust them again after closing the lids.

A clean, tight funnel and a clean chimney are important, not only as safety measures,

but for efficiency; and it is important to keep the ashes cleaned out from the ashpan under the firebox, for good draft; and to keep the ashes scraped off the inner top of the oven, for good baking. There is usually a separate damper that allows heat to flow around the oven—ours is in operation when it is pushed

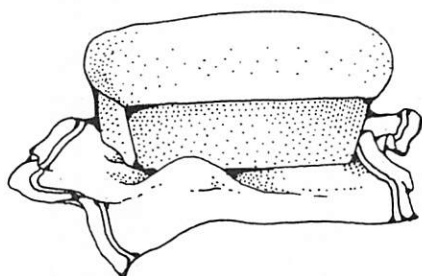
toward the back of the stove. When pulled forward to an upright position, it closes off the oven heat and allows the heat to go up the funnel. Even when not baking it is used to heat the entire stove to project more heat into the room on very cold days. There is another damper on our stove that allows heat to flow around the water tank built into the righthand end of the stove. Beneath this tank, in the base of the stove against the oven end, is a cleanout door, through which we scrape the ashes down from the top of the oven. First we remove the middle and last lids (our stove has six lids), over the oven and scrape the ashes off the top of the oven, down into the recess that leads to the cleanout door. We place newspapers and a bucket under this to catch the ashes. It should always be checked before baking, for baking efficiency and to eliminate smoke. If your stove smokes when you try to operate your oven damper, you can be fairly sure that there is ash buildup on the top of the oven.

We have another damper on our stove that is set

into what is called the broiling door. This damper can be opened to allow passage of air over the fire, reducing the amount of chimney suction. The door itself lifts downward to allow broiling of steak, hamburgers, fish, chops, etc., utilizing a wire-hinged broiler device with a handle, such as is used for cookouts and over campfires. The oven damper should be open to allow smoke to go directly up the chimney; also open the door beneath the fire, at the end of the stove (the ashpan door). The fire should be burning well enough to have produced an even surface of red hot coals. Good broiling requires intense heat for a short time. The searing of the surface of the meat, with frequent turning, prevents the escape of juices and rewards the cook with a flavor impossible to produce in any other way. A little olive oil on steak before or after broiling gives a wonderful flavor, also. Broiled food should be served immediately, for best appreciation of it.

Individual experimentation and experiences with your own stove will teach you the best locations on the stove and in the oven for cooking different dishes. Generally, water or anything covered will boil best on the front lids, or sometimes in the center; if you are operating your oven damper, the entire top surface of the stove will be hot, but when it is not in operation, you have varying temperatures across the surface; hottest over the firebox, a little less hot over the middle, and usually just right for simmering near the end of the stove. A kettle of soup started early in the day and allowed to simmer most of the day until the evening meal, is a delightful and nourishingly tasty dish on a cold or damp day. A teakettle kept on the stove, steaming and singing throughout the winter, not only is a cozy and cheerful sound, but a practical and inexpensive method of sending moisture into the room, as well as being handy for a quick cup of tea or coffee. Our stove also contains a rod that pulls out, near the back of the firebox, on which to hang a towel, or

mitten, or socks, to dry. In addition to a warming shelf over the surface of the stove and at each corner of the stove-back, there are two decorative and useful rounded shelves that swing forward or back, so there is a variety of areas on which to keep food warm or to heat the dinner plates or platters and serving dishes.



When I bake bread in our oven, which I do throughout the winter months, I lower my rack onto bricks set on the bottom of the oven, so that the top of the bread does not bake too hard and crusty before the rest of it is done. Another method recommended is to cover the top of the bread with foil when you first put it into the oven, removing it for browning near the end. It does not take any more time, as a rule, to cook a meal on the top of the stove, or to bake anything in the oven, than it would with any other type of stove, but the flavor is somehow better; potatoes do not disintegrate when boiled over wood fire, meat can be cooked to about any degree of doneness you wish, and a boiled dinner simmered throughout an afternoon is out of this world. A turkey can be prepared the night before, stuffed and ready, and put into an oven at about 375° and left overnight, in a covered roaster, without even stoking the fire during the night; and be completely done to a beautiful, golden brown by morning. The aroma that greets you in the morning would make any holiday seem more festive. One thing to remember when baking, however, is that most any dish—breads and pies, especially—should be turned during the baking, as it is always hotter next to the firebox. There is, admittedly, a little more work involved to cooking with wood; one

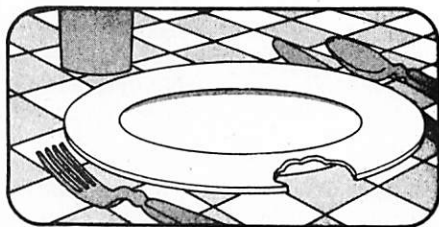
must be watchful to keep a steady fire when baking and to watch the oven temperature (which is apt to go up or down according to the state of the fire). But it is not difficult to learn: if it gets too hot, shut off the draft to the oven until the temperature is regulated; or if it lowers, probably the fire needs boosting.

Not only does good New England cooking lend itself to woodstove cooking, but any other cuisine is also possible, even wok cooking. Bread can be toasted on a hot stove-top, by first buttering the bread slightly and laying it on the hot surface; toasted cheese sandwiches are delicious done this way, buttering the sandwich lightly on both sides, and turning with a spatula. Chili is great simmered on the back of the stove, and fruit sauces (such as rhubarb) are better cooked slowly on a woodstove than any other method, since it is necessary only to cover the bottom of the pot with water enough not to burn it on. Simmering slowly in its own juices, adding the sugar (or honey) last, produces a sauce that is full of nice tender chunks of fruit, not all cooked to a mush, but juicy with its own natural juices.

Cooking with wood can be a very satisfying, enjoyable experience. My electric stove sits idle all winter, saving on the electric bill, and when we connect the large copper water tank to our stove, as we plan to do, that will also lower our winter expenses. There is the added advantage of knowing that no matter what the weather, we have our heat and our cooking source at hand, independent of oil or electricity. So not only does it warm us physically, but it gives us a spiritually lifting sense of security against the elements. With a well-stocked cellar of canned and frozen and otherwise preserved foods, kerosene lamps and a woodshed full of wood, we can comfortably winter through the worst of whatever may come.

Next month: Wok cooking with your woodstove

Mrs. Stilphen, artist and teacher, lives with her husband George in Bolster's Mills.



Food For Thought

by Lucia Owen

BARN CHORES

Here I go slipping down the icy path to the barn carrying two black rubber buckets of water. Both gloves get wet as I miss my footing and the water sloshes over. I am glad the evening isn't any colder. The buckets freeze up outside now, so the night buckets thaw in the house during the day and the daytime buckets thaw out overnight. I am toting the night buckets, trying not to let the water slop over onto my pants. The water is for the two horses.

In the small barn there are also four sheep and a gabble of assorted fowl—lots of chickens, some ducks, including two mallards who have given up migration as a bad risk, and two man-eating geese. All the latter are squawking underfoot. My horse is the boarder, so I help out with chores at night. The sheep bleat as I enter. They see everything in the world as potential apocalypse, and so they watch with round eyes and push against each other waiting for either food or cataclysm. They get the food this time. Their lower jaws move in short quick circles folding in the hay as they keep an eye out for lurking wolves. The horses lip through their hay and select stalks one at a time, as if they were picking out just the truffles. They are more pampered, hence more trusting, than the sheep.

The harem of chickens is ruled by a tall and vicious white rooster who jumped me twice earlier this fall. It looked as if I'd been staple-gunned on the thigh. Once the rooster went for my husband, who simply punted it about twenty feet through the air. I have swatted it with a two-by-four, and now we have established an uneasy truce. The two-by-four is always within reach. A good thing it is not my rooster.

As I shut the doors and head home for my own supper, I think about people and animals. Around Christmas we all somehow become extra-sentimental about barnyard critters and wild things as well. The sentimentality usually makes the creatures human—a sad fate for most of them, who do much better on their own as cows or deer or chickadees. Christmas Day for the two horses, the sheep, and the fowl is just like any other day—the

certainty of stall and food causes pure, if only physical, rapture. They react to grain and fodder every day the way we are supposed to react only on special occasions. We also attribute to animals the conscious behavior we would like them to flatter us with. My horse, alas, comes over to me at the pasture fence not because she recognizes me, but because I always bring food at approximately the same time and nearly always wear a bright orange parka. Her decision to come does make me happy, though, whatever her motivation. So I'll bring her two apples instead of one on Christmas Day and wish her well.

Then I think of the rooster and appreciate that his attacks on me have not been personal. I have just been in the way when he has needed to act like a rooster. Therefore, he and his kind can understand that my putting him in a pot with onions and carrots and celery is also nothing personal. He just got in my way when I was thinking about dinner.

Chickens fortunately are not particularly loveable, so eating them is easier than eating lamb chops. Unfortunately, the chickens most of us have to eat are the ones who've grown up in multi-storied penitentiaries. But chicken remains delicious, and there must be as many chicken recipes in the world as there are stars on a winter night. When in doubt for a dinner, we can always do something interesting with a chicken. So, with no malice towards the rooster, only a sense of irony, I present the following recipe for chicken cooked in the Basque manner. This dish may help make the necessary transition up to or down from rich holiday fare less shocking to the system.

Basque Chicken

- 1 chicken cut into serving pieces (about 3 lbs.)
- 1 large slice ham or about 3/4 lb. ham from hocks, a bone, etc. Raw preferred, though cooked will do.
- 1 bunch scallions
- 5 Tbsp. butter
- 1 1/2 Tbsp. brandy (or armagnac, preferred)
- 3 green peppers
- 3 large tomatoes or a 1 lb. can whole tomatoes
- cayenne pepper
- salt and pepper

BRIAN HADDOCK

We design, build, renovate and furnish houses throughout southern Maine.

CABINET SHOP ■ BRIDGTON, ME ■ 1-647-5480

The Village Store & Restaurant

"An early-bird stopping place"



Route 26
Bryant Pond, Maine

Bean's

743-6493

Home Style Cooking
Family Dining

Main Street - South Paris, Maine
Closed Sundays

Fare Share Market

The Good Food Store
7 Tannery St • Norway, Me.

Hours:
Tu. & Sat. 10-1
W., Th., F. 10-5
Everyone Welcome

SMITH'S
Oxford Plaza • Route 26
Oxford, Maine



Shop and Save a Bundle

All home-cooked food

Mon.-Thurs. 5-5
Fri. 5-8
Sat. 5-2
Sun. 7-noon

The 7 C's Coffee Shop

[Signature] T.L.C.
Main Street, Norway (formerly Jackson's)



John Applin of Bethel breaks a trail in powdery snow.

Cross-Country Skiing for Fun

Tips & Photos by Jane Chandler

Swish, swish. That's the sound of my cross-country skis gliding along. I take a deep breath to enjoy the still, cool air. And I listen...to the sounds of small animals or birds, to snow dropping off overhead branches, to a small stream nearby, and to silence. It's a great time to think. As I begin moving again, I keep my eyes open. I watch for signs of animals and their tracks, taking in nature at its best. The sun is peeking through the bare branches of a poplar tree, making the snow glisten and sparkle like diamonds.

There aren't many sports that one can relax and enjoy as much as cross country skiing. Skiing is a relatively easy sport that is also economical. The exercise is good in the winter. The cost is minimal; a moderate initial investment for equipment, then not much later on. The location is anywhere. All we need is snow.

Who can ski? Anyone who wants

to can ski. All ages can. After all, we are only as young or as old as we think we are. I've seen an 80-year-old skiing along with a three-year-old grandchild. As John Ricker of Norway has always said, "The year after a child learns to walk, that's when you buy him or her the first pair of skis." Younger than that can be carried in a pack. It doesn't have to take a lot of time. One half hour skiing through the fields can be fun.

What about equipment? Each person skiing needs a pair of skis, a pair of ski boots, and a pair of ski poles. And that is all. You don't need fancy clothes or money for lift tickets. A backpack helps for carrying snack food and ski waxes. Skis can be purchased very economically at used ski sales or buying rentals from a touring center. Each year the area ski teams have cross country and downhill equipment sales at a very reasonable price. Summer yard sales are

Page 33...

Be sure the chicken is patted dry. Dice the ham and trim the onions. Heat the butter in a heavy casserole—probably a 6 quart one. Brown the chicken, turning it so it will brown evenly. Add the ham and onions about halfway through the browning. Season with salt and pepper. Add the brandy and touch it off with a lighted match, stirring till the flames subside. Add the seeded and chopped peppers along with the peeled, seeded, and chopped tomatoes. Add a dash of cayenne. Cover and cook for about an hour over moderate heat. Theoretically, the chicken should be removed when cooked and the sauce reduced by about one third, then placed around the chicken on a serving dish. My experience is that the bird cooks so thoroughly that the meat remains on the bones only tenously and will not stand the strain of being lifted out without falling apart. So we dish out this dish right from the pot into shallow bowls.

If you have never flambéed anything, this is a good recipe to learn on. Doing it once will turn you into a believer. The secret to flambéing is to be sure the liquid you are igniting is warm. In this recipe the ingredients in the pan quickly heat the brandy. Just hold the lighted match over the pan even with the rim. The alcohol burns off, leaving a perceptible nutty and sweetish taste that flavors everything. Do not skip this step even if your courage falters. If a fire extinguisher would make you feel better, by all means have one handy.

The tall and vicious rooster has met his match, I am glad to report. Not my pot, but a beagle. He died with his spurs on and would have been much too tough in anybody's stew. He has been replaced by the two geese, the small white kind, thank heaven. They flatten out and hiss when I come too close. They also bite. L.L.'s famous boot has proven itself in yet another rural emergency—it is definitely goose-proof. Without the boots I'd have to wear hockey guards. Perhaps the geese will be around next Christmas when the three of us can have improving conversations about certain Olde Englishe yuletide customs.

*Lucia Owen
Bethel*

GEORGE E. FITCH AGENCY GENERAL INSURANCE

Limerick
793-2214

East Sebago
787-2061

Medicine For The Hills

by

Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

Allegory II

As did patrons for three centuries past, Michel liked to follow the curved path through the small courtyard to the entrance of the Cheval Blanc. Daylilies and larkspur enjoyed the peace of the garden. A heavy oak door, ornate with grills, studs, wrought-iron hinges, admitted him with surprising ease into a fan-vaulted anteroom, and what an anteroom! Holding the cool stillness of a castle chamber, it was yet more intimate. Its cathedral-like solemnity was balanced by the humility of a chapel. Neither castle nor cathedral, nor chapel; it could only be, Michel smiled to himself, Jean-Paul's Cheval Blanc. Immediately, attention was drawn to a large coat-of-arms on the far wall of the anteroom: Cheval Blanc rampant avec fleur-de-lys. To its left a rack of pennoncelles and bannerettes and to its right a silent suit of armor stood sentinel. Above, from the timbered vault, hung banners France Ancien in all manner of color and heraldry. A massive painting of a prancing white horse framed in gilded baroque dominated the left wall. Below the painting, a long bank of ferns ran the length of the wall, flanked on the left by Jean-Paul's great ancient Limoges vase filled with fresh cut flowers. The sense of this room was one of sanctuary. Opposite the prancing white horse and to the right, many-paned doors led to the hotel's sitting room—a room washed with pastel. An incredible diversity of greenery held a delightful freshness and warmth, the plantlife bathed in sunlight admitted by a great bay window to the left. At the far end of the room a large hearth held court for encircling overstuffed fauteuils. Coming from the security of the anteroom to the serenity of this sitting room, the hotel guest was simply overwhelmed with peace and beauty. This transition was no mere accident, for Jean-Paul believed that the mood of his patron was paramount. He would have no intimidation encumbering his guest.

The clerk's desk stood to the right upon entering this room. Behind the desk hung Jean-Paul's one conceit: a col-

lection of framed notes from grateful patrons. Picasso was there, and Pimpodou, Mark Twain, Proust, Ignatio Silone. If ghosts were about, one was certainly in good company!

"They simply don't keep up!" Michel slammed his fist down, attracting the attention of other diners. "The same sauces, the same desserts offered up week after week, served with tedium and dispassion! And they believe the arrogance and puffed-up airs can substitute for knowledge! Incredible!"

Our two friends had left the Cheval Blanc and motored west, over the rolling Vosges into Lorraine, to dine at Le Bec Fin in Nancy. They were now hot at it.

"It's tempting to cut and shave quality when the money comes rolling in and to ignore the importance of keeping abreast of developments. When the bank account is fat, you begin to believe that Bocuse has more to teach us. Technique gets sloppy, kitchens unsanitary. Mon Dieu, one risks one's health eating in such places!"

"Agreed, mon petit," said Jean-Paul. "Our colleagues allow themselves to slip. They begin to cheat the customer and to endanger his very health. I agree. They assume the customer is stupid and naive. They lose a star, then two stars. They are poorly reviewed. Still they stay open. Customers keep coming. Why does no one close them down? Michel, you could do something. Why do you not censor them?"

"Oh, my stupid friend of dubious descent," Michel answered, shaking his head. "You know that answer yourself. Once a year they clean up for the Board of Health. Once a year the pots are scrubbed. Here, a sprig of parsley; there, a hand is held, a customer enchanted. But where, tell me, is the law governing Quality? Show me where it is written that we must keep our standards high. Who will walk down the streets declaring this one second rate, that one a fraud? Who will throw the first stone? Everyone now calls us equal, colleague and customer alike."

"No, Jean-Paul. Elitism is done for. Elitism died out with the Jacobins and their guillotine. Egalité, remember? We must all be equal, which means, for our business, blended mediocrity."

"I am neither stupid nor mediocre," growled Jean-Paul, controlling his temper. He quickly smiled and nodded at a staring couple seated next to them. "I merely suggested you take steps to educate our colleagues. You are respected, they would listen to you."



TEL-MED HAS THE FACTS.

Tel-Med is a phone-in health information service of Blue Cross and Blue Shield of Maine and is an excellent source of general information on a wide range of health topics. The Tel-Med library contains 190 different health information tapes — and brings them as close to you as your telephone. We have a brochure that lists all the Tel-Med tapes by subject and number. For your free copy, call us, or send in the coupon below.

Toll Free Statewide:

1-800-442-6385

In the Greater Portland area:

775-5881



Blue Cross
Blue Shield
of Maine

Send to:
Tel-Med BSW 1/84
Blue Cross and
Blue Shield of Maine
110 Free Street
Portland, ME 04101

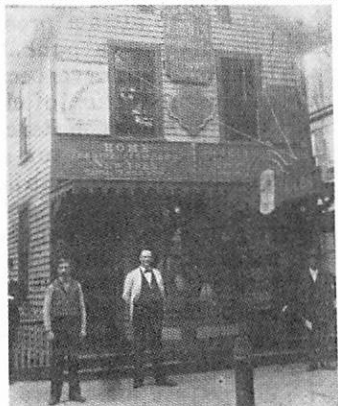
Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Providing you with the same personal professional service now as in 1865



Goodwin's Inc.
INSURANCE
31 Paris Street • Norway ME 04268
207/743-8963

For Local Information

- weather
- events
- sports
- news

WOXO fm 93
am 14

Complete Ski Reports Daily

Studios in Norway, Maine

"Listen, yes, for an hour perhaps, or a day. But act upon it, certainly not. The issue is whether to be painstaking and to keep one's purpose honest, or to do whatever is easiest and cheapest. Do you think I am some Christ born to show the way?"

"Keep your voice down, mon petit."

"In terms of energy, time, and money, how much would you save with plastic ferns in your foyer, ami? I have seen some very authentic plastic plants in Strassbourg that would do well in your sitting room. Our colleagues think you are a fool, watering, pinching, fertilizing, whispering to your plants when you could be counting your money. You teach them the merits of living plants, Jean-Paul."

"Touché, Michel, touche. But how do we promote quality in our business without sounding like an unhinged saint? How can we teach compassion for the customer? Our patrons want so badly just to talk with us, to be understood, and to receive in return a piece of our own humanity. The essence of our business is to care for our guests. How can we convince our colleagues of the futility of status, power, and possessions?"

"Jean-Paul, the answer is not with educating our colleagues. One becomes addicted to the shortcut, I am afraid.

Save your education for the patron. He is, after all, as much to blame for the decline of Quality as anyone, and perhaps more in position to fight by his own demands. Teach the patron, Jean-Paul, what living plants can do for a man."

"Yes," Jean-Paul nodded his head thoughtfully, "so the conversation turns to the patron." He then produced a series of gestures which for twenty years had never failed to amuse Michel. He shook his head and clucked his tongue. He nodded once again. He furrowed his brow and pursed his lips. He raised his eyebrows and turned down the corners of his mouth in that eternal expression of the French. He swore softly. He was, you see, deep in thought. Where Michel the artist could soar to tremendous heights, Jean-Paul held great depth.

"Oui, the patron. Sometimes I wish there were no patrons. How is it we can love them and hate them at once? I do. How I wish I could sit them down and say, 'This is how to be a patron.' But they are in such a hurry. Their needs must be met, not now but yesterday. And in their haste to be served, where goes this Quality you speak of, Michel?"

Allegory II, "Medicine For The Hills," will conclude in our March issue.



POEMES/POEMS

*Voici la nuit qui meurt ma jeunesse,
le soleil innocent devein violent,
et mon coeur est une pluie de rose et de fer.
Je cherche le jour sans succes.*

Here is the night that kills my youth,
the innocent becomes violent,
and my heart is a rain of roses and steel.
I search for daybreak without success.

*La mort est un souffle gelee,
un moment de silence extreme,
un soleil aveugle,
avant que la joie divine apparait.*

Death is a frozen breath,
a moment of extreme silence,
a blind sun,
before the joy divine appears.

*Mon coeur s'elance en second amour
brave comme un soldat en face de l'ennemie,
ta vie pour la meine,
deux corps dans la nuit d'etoile.*

My heart rushes into a second love,
brave as a soldier facing the enemy,
your life for mine,
two bodies in a night of stars.

*Je me souviens d'un printemps d'or,
la mer douce comme une chatte en sommeil,
Papa un geant et Mama belle et joyeuse,
une moment exquise pour enfant de neuf ans.*

I remember a spring of gold,
the sea calm as a cat in sleep,
father a giant and mother beautiful and joyous,
an exquisite moment for a child of nine.

*Monsieur le Cure fait sa visite de paroisse,
sa soutane comme un oiseau agile,
son visage comme une pomme d'autonne.
l'ille benit les enfants en pensant a son soupee.*

The priest makes his parish visitation,
his robe like an agitated bird,
his face like an autumn apple.
He blesses the children while thinking of supper.

—Wil Beaudesne
Sanford

IN THE NORTH WOODS OF MAINE

*A book of the adventures of two boys
Condensed by Lorraine Leighton Greig*

While fishing at Sheep-tick Falls in their hometown of Hartford, Maine, in 1875, two boys set their minds to an adventure into the Moosehead Lake Region. Frank Thomas was then 17 years old; his cousin Elmer was 14.

September found them on the first trek of the journey: they were taken by horse and wagon to the train depot in Livermore. After changing trains five times, they arrived in Greenville, which was

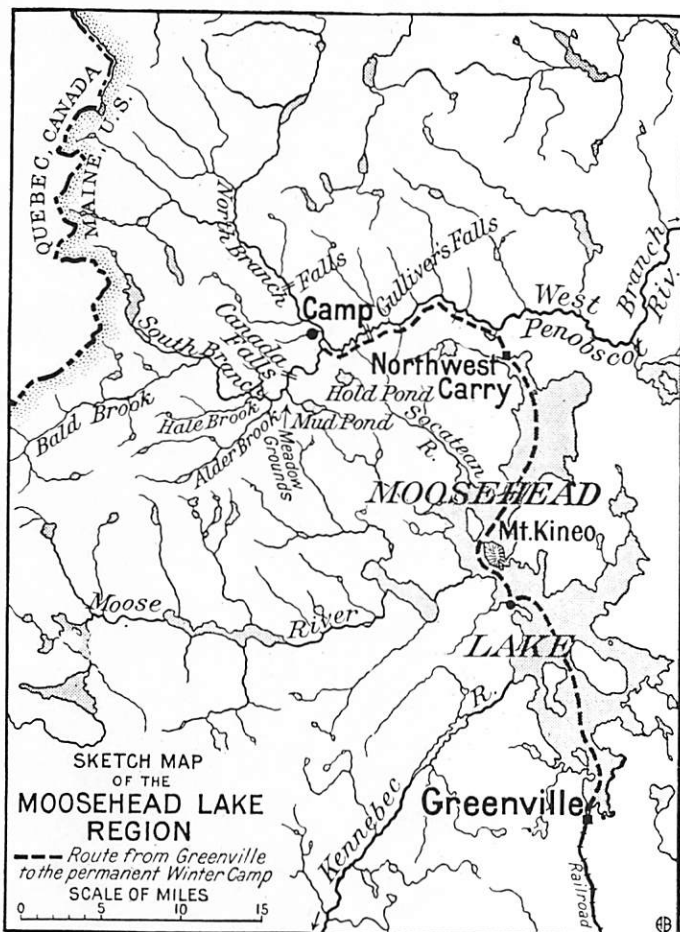
mostly settled by Indians. Luckily, they were able to stay at a lumberjack camp and at "Daylight in the Swamp," they were up and traveling to their new adventure again.

At Gulliver's Falls, they put up a temporary fly, made a bough bed and settled in until they found the perfect nook to build a log cabin. It was one quarter-mile up the North Branch, close by a spring. Cloth was their window; a fireplace was made from stones and clay by the brook-

side. This took eight days. Stretching hides and making snowshoes were next on the agenda.

The next few days were spent spotting trap lines—they were able to set eighty traps. In the back of their minds was the fixed price of furs, which was 3¢ for kits and 5¢ for the older ones.

A cedar slab was indoctrinated for a calendar and the first one up in the morning would "talley-one" each day. The curing of meat became an



Map showing the land features mentioned in this story, as they were in 1875. Moosehead Lake, up which the two boys paddled on their trip into the woods, is a little above the middle of the state, and about thirty-five miles from the western boundary line between Maine and Canada. The winter camp is located at the junction of the South Branch and the North Branch.



Paddling up Moosehead Lake, Mt. Kineo ahead.



"They went up the hill in a different fashion from the way they came down."

"A broad shelf never held two more thoroughly frightened boys."

entire education in itself.

Soon, since the brooks and lagoons were freezing at night, they began to snuggle down for the winter months by getting wood and building an entrance protector. With all this labor, their shoes were wearing out; so from moose hide they made moccasins. While checking their trap lines, they kept an eye out for the white ash for making snowshoes. They saved the deerskin for rawhide.

Animals kept them busy in more ways than one. Elmer nearly lost his life to a cow moose who kept him up a tree one entire night. Next it was a bear. Old Bruin came ambling toward Elmer and "Didn't he grow big fast!" It took four bullets to do him in. They dressed him out and fried the fat down to make several batches of doughnuts. Frank shot a wolf which had trailed him for a quarter-mile.

A red-letter day came: 2 fisher, 3 sable, 3 mink from Elmer's trapline and 1 lynx, 1 fisher and 2 sable from Frank's. Living in the wilds, they

made caps of muskrat skin, pants of moosehide (Elmer was short one pantleg, so he used deer skin). What a picture they were!

Christmas came up soon, with biscuits and moose meat and twenty traps. They had forgotten Thanksgiving. Their Christmas program consisted of talk of home and how Santa Claus filled their stockings. Slumber came easy that night.

Elmer succeeded in building a sled, while Frank caught trout weighing three or four pounds. A panther crossed their path and the perils encountered to trap this creature before he killed them were hair-raising.

When a total of five feet of snow covered the ground, it was time to move to new hunting grounds and build Camp #2. This time a wigwam was built with 25 poles, loose bark, spruce and balsam boughs.

What a time for woes! About twenty miles from camp, Frank was charged by a bull moose. The moose's

death fall plunged Frank's snowshoe and leg into deep snow. Now, with only twenty-five days left, their supplies were either spent or extremely low. Maple syrup was to be made. Hewing out two-foot-long yellow birch troughs and making spiles with the only 1½" auger they had, they finally succeeded in making cakes of maple sugar. And, while collecting sap, Elmer had another close call with an old bruin.

During the last days of winter they traipsed back to their first cabin ("City of the Wilderness"), and became excited with the gurgle of water under the snow. They packed their furs and stored their greased traps in a fallen hollow tree for the next winter.

But, as the ice was going out, water filled the cabin to within a couple of feet of the top. The boys crawled, with their guns, ammunition, and matches, to a high shelf and gave thought to how to get out through the roof if the water came



Loading up the canoes for the homeward trip.



"Even the lumberjacks could not keep up with us at that meal."



higher.

It did not and, in the morning, after retrieving their furs and canoes, they were ready to leave. Before departing, Elmer carved on the camp: "This camp will be occupied September 20, 1876 by F.W. & E.E. Thomas."

April 15 found the canoes speeding downstream at 10 miles an hour. At Northwest Carry they ate again with the lumberjacks, and on April 23 headed for Greenville with a letter sent as follows:

Nathaniel Thomas

Canton Mills, Maine

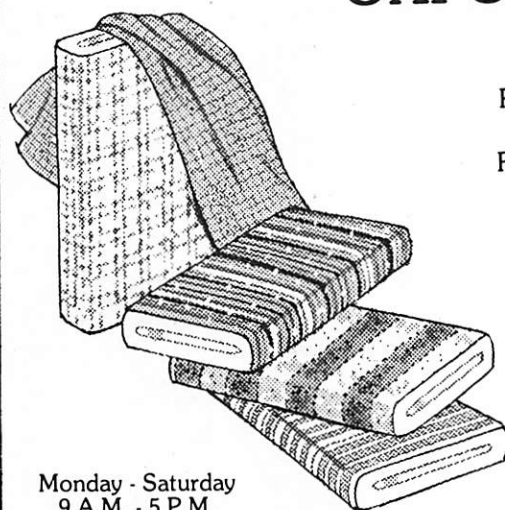
We will be at Livermore Falls Thursday the 27th on 3:20 train. Both well.

E.E. Thomas

People did stare! Elmer and Frank were dressed in their ratskin caps, buckskin jackets, with rawhide thongs for belts, buckskin breeches and moosehide moccasins. Under their arms, they carried their home-made snowshoes and their guns.

A grand welcome home and a prayer was given by their family for their protection "In The North Woods of Maine."

If you want to read these adventures yourself, this book, written by E.E. Thomas, was reprinted in 1979 by the Hartford Heritage Society. It is available for \$5.00 plus \$1.00 postage and handling. Write Lorraine Greig, Hartford, ME 04221. Illustrations were done by H. Boylston Dummer for the 1920's edition.



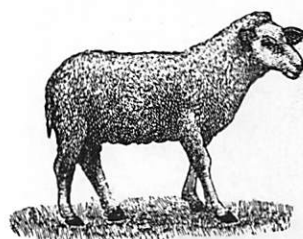
Monday - Saturday
9 A.M. - 5 P.M.
King Street
Oxford

OXFORD MILL-END STORE

Regular Yard Goods
Rug Materials
Remnants / Coatings
Suitings
Yarns / Cottons
Notions

539-4451

Wool Remnants
Our Specialty



Bolster's Covers It All!

Walls
Custom-mixed
Dutch-Boy paint

In-stock paper
50% off
300 books



Floors
Armstrong carpet
Room size remnants
Linoleums
Orientals & Braids

Windows
Custom drapes
Window quilt
Country curtains

In Bolster's Barn: Room-size Carpet Remnants • 100's of choices
Always 30-60% off • All first quality

8 Market Sq
So. Paris
743-9202

Bolster's

Interior Decorating Center
Established 1852

Route 117
Bridgton
647-5101

MARGARET DICKSON

"A NEW VOICE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE"

Octavia's Hill

Margaret Dickson
Houghton Mifflin Company (\$14.95)
Copyright 1983

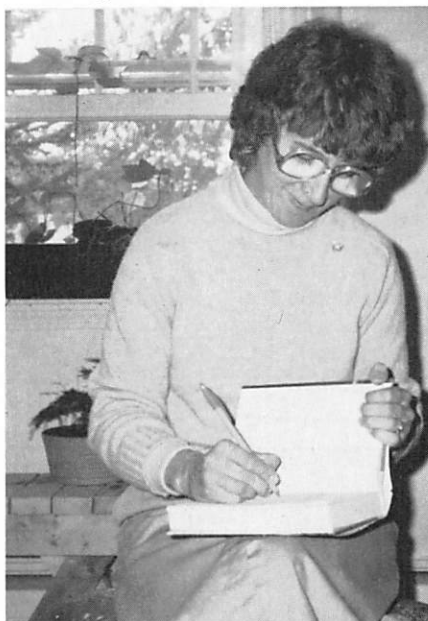
Not since 1935 when Margaret Jacob Flint of West Baldwin, Maine (then residing in Biloxi, Mississippi) won the \$10,000 Prize Novel Contest sponsored by Dodd, Mead and Company for the best work of fiction by a beginning novelist with *The Old Ashburn Place* has a novel set in rural Maine been published to equal *Octavia's Hill*. Written by Margaret Dickson of Portland, Maine (her first novel), it is published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

In the opening scene Octavia (Tave) Martin is returning in her car to the farm at the summit of Octavia's Hill, named for her great-grandmother Octavia Lucille Perry. Tave, who shares the homestead with her husband and two children—Tavia and Billy—represents the fourth generation of Perrys to occupy the farm. Perry roots go deep into the glacial soil of Octavia's Hill located in the hinterland of Northern Maine. When she arrives, she discovers that her teacher-husband and two children have not returned as yet from school. The telephone rings. It is Bob, her husband. An accidental atomic explosion in Vermont threatens the entire population across Northern New England. In an urgent voice Bob directs her to take refuge in the cellar immediately.

In almost desperate haste she gathers up a few essentials and seals herself in the cellar to wait out the emergency in the solitude of what may prove to be her mausoleum. But is she really alone?

Margaret Dickson has woven together a masterful tale of suspense with delicate threads that depict precious vignettes of rural Maine life and family traditions that reflect upon the years the author spent

growing up in the interior of Maine and the profound knowledge she gleaned from those precious years in her life. Her flashbacks ebb and flow with amazing smoothness and clarity. Each of her characters—a blending of the salt of the earth, the



earthy, and the sophisticated—are deftly portrayed. Her dialogue is superb.

Octavia's Hill is excellent reading from the beginning to the end. The awkwardness so frequently in evidence in the plots of most neophytes is totally absent in Margaret Dickson's initial work.

For those who delight in reading about rural New England life spiced with a dash or two of suspense, *Octavia's Hill* will be a novel they surely will want to add to their reading list.

The Author

Margaret Ann Smith Dickson, who currently resides with her husband and two daughters in suburban Portland, was born in Lewiston, Maine. Margaret's father was a salesman, and although the Smith family

moved about frequently and lived in such communities as Auburn, Rumford, and Norway, her family roots are in the small communities of Leeds and Turner. It was while growing up in North Leeds with six younger brothers and sisters that Margaret came to know and love the people who for generations had coaxed a livelihood from the small picturesque hill farms and who had been the pillars of strength in Leeds and the surrounding communities of Greene and Turner. It is because of these very precious years of living on intimate terms with sturdy Maine folks that Margaret has chosen a rural Maine setting as the scenario for *Octavia's Hill* and her second novel, *Maddy's Song*, to be published soon by Houghton Mifflin. She fondly recalls her childhood days in North Leeds.

"We lived at the end of a dirt road and all around us, people were farming. My uncle would come by, taking his cows to pasture, and he plowed our garden with his tractor."

It was while attending Leavitt Institute in Turner (now Leavitt Area High School) that Margaret first discovered the joys of creative writing. She was very fortunate to have Joe Perham—writer, folklorist, and teacher *par excellence*—as her English teacher. Margaret fondly remembers those formative years at Leavitt and the guiding hand of Joe Perham, who had just graduated from Colby College (where he attained national recognition with his brilliant performances as Hamlet in the Shakespearean theatre).

"He was just beginning to get into Maine stories. He was terrific. He let me write anything I wanted to write. I wrote mostly poetry; I thought I was going to grow up to be a great poet."

Margaret graduated from Leavitt in 1963 and entered Bates College

where she majored in English. Although there were no creative writing courses as such, she credits Professor Berklemann with having opened her eyes to the vastness and depth of the literary world. "He knew so much; I was awed by his knowledge."

No literary-minded student could attend Bates College without becoming aware that Gladys Hasty Carroll, one of Maine's most distinguished writers of the twentieth century, had graduated with honors from this tiny but distinguished college in 1925. The aura of this remarkable lady still remains, and Margaret came under its spell.

"I have read every last thing I can lay my hands on by that woman. No one can write Maine novels without knowing the works of Gladys Hasty Carroll."

Following her graduation in 1968 from Bates (she completed a four-year program in three years), she was awarded a Ford Foundation to work on her Master's degree and teach freshman English at the University of New Hampshire. While at Bates, however, she had met Peter, her future husband. He also graduated in 1968 with a degree in business administration and accepted a position in a bank in Boston. Her love for Peter was greater than her desire to complete her graduate program.

"He was working in Boston, and I was studying in New Hampshire. It just didn't work out very well, so I got married and moved to Boston."

Margaret found work with an advertising firm as a filing clerk; but as soon as her employer discovered her writing ability, she was given a job as a copywriter.

Despite the economic security that Boston afforded the young couple, Margaret and Peter soon began to feel a nostalgia for the life they both once had known in rural Maine.

"If you are a country girl, Boston on a day-to-day basis can get you down. We moved back to North Leeds where my family lives. Pete got a job working for the Depositors' Trust company in Augusta."

The move back to Maine proved to be even more advantageous when Margaret discovered that she could continue doing copywriting for the Boston advertising firm while living in Maine.

During these years Margaret found time to write poetry and short stories. A few of her poems were printed in the *Maine Times* and the *Presumpscot Review*, published by the University of Southern Maine; but she was having no success in finding publications that would accept her short stories.

"I would mail off six or seven stories at once, and that was a mistake because I would get six or seven rejections all at once. I wasn't getting anywhere."

Stephen King walked into class and announced, "I read one of Margaret's stories over the phone to one of my agents in New York."

The real turning point in Margaret's writing career came when she made the decision to enroll in a summer writing career course at the University of Maine in Orono.

"I don't believe in creative writing courses, but then I just needed a friend," she recalls.

Fortunately for Margaret, her teacher happened to be Stephen King.

"He was a tremendous teacher! You could pass anything in to him and he would give you an honest reaction. You would think he would be such a scary person; but he isn't. He is gentle and sweet and nice. He was such a good audience that it was really a joy to write stories for him.

Margaret vividly recalls the morning when Stephen King walked into class and announced, "I read one of the stories that was handed in last week. I read it over the phone to one of my agents in New York. It is a wonderful story, and we are going to sell it in England."

The story was Margaret's, and it was published by Pan Publishers of London in an anthology called *New*

Terrors. Another of Margaret's stories was published in *Yankee Magazine*, and very shortly one of her stories is scheduled to appear in the spring issue of the prestigious *Antioch Review*.

Margaret, of course, was ecstatic over her sudden success as a writer after years of disappointment. Then one day King introduced Margaret to his agent, Kirby McCauley, who offered her some really helpful advice.

"It is very hard to sell short fiction these days," Kirby explained. "But if you will write a novel, I will try to sell it for you."

"Yes," King interpolated. "You have the range; you must do it."

For a moment Margaret was speechless. Then she responded hesitantly with, "How long is a novel?"

"At that point," Margaret recalls, "I didn't have any more idea about how to write a novel or what should go into a novel, but he (Kirby) was so convincing."

Nevertheless, Margaret set about the task with some misgiving.

"It was a terrible struggle. I began the novel called *Monument*. It was very frightening. I kept putting in characters because I thought I needed them to fill up space."

Stephen King continued to give her encouragement. When she finished it, he read it and liked it. Kirby had reservations about *Monument*, but he worked diligently to sell it.

Although *Monument* won Margaret many friends and favorable comments from several editors (including helpful suggestions from the editor of Viking Press), it failed to

"Octavia's Hill"
and other new novels
available at



BOOKS • N • THINGS

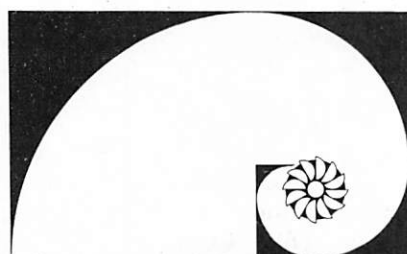
Oxford Plaza • Oxford • 743-7197

Perham's

MAINE MINERAL STORE

Jewelry, Gifts, Minerals
Maine Tourmaline

Jct. Rts. 26 & 219 - West Paris, Me.
Hrs. Mon.-Sat. 9 - 5 / Sun. 1-5



SMALL HYDRO EAST

JIM SYSKO • STAR ROUTE 240

BETHEL, MAINE 04217 • 207/824-3244

Site Analysis • Complete Installations • Peltech Turbines

Your shopping center can be
as near as your telephone



at the

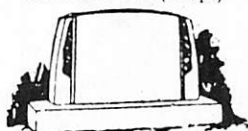
SEARS CATALOG STORE

743-5181

Twin Town Plaza - South Paris

Bolster Monumental Works

In business for 94 years
John A. Pratt (Prop.)



Marble & Granite
Monuments & Headstones

Route 26 • Oxford, Me. • 743-2673

sell. Confronted with the horror of endless rewrites and revisions, Margaret chose to tuck *Monument* away in the closet and begin work on a new novel - *Octavia's Hill*.

"I kept searching for some kind of magic combination that would make *Monument* into a novel. To this day I have not found what it would take to make it into a good novel."

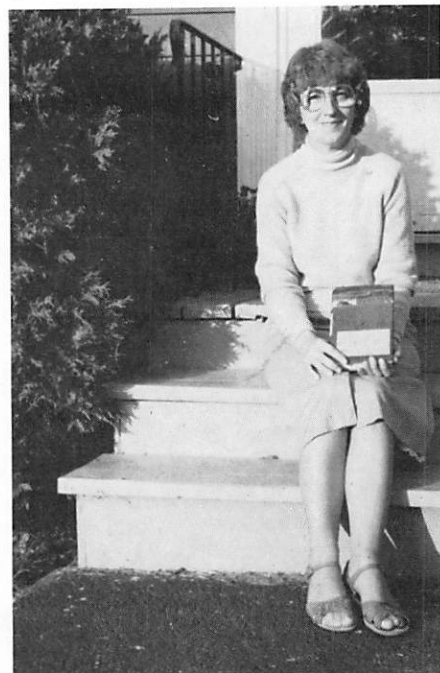
To Margaret's surprise, progress on *Octavia's Hill* proceeded smoothly. She was writing about the people and the world she knew best. Some of her most dramatic scenes came to her while she sat writing. Within the scope of the novel one is reminded of both Gladys Hasty Carroll and Stephen King, the two writers who have influenced her the most (though she has never met Mrs. Carroll). That is a rare combination of styles indeed. The occasional violent scenes that disrupt the routine lives of country people who live far from the crime-infested cities are a grim reminder that the mentally ill are omnipresent and violence and death know no boundaries. Margaret chose to weave much of the plot around an accidental atomic explosion because as she puts it, "Nuclear reality is like a shadow that you get into your mind when you are a kid and you carry it around always after that."

The scene where Octavia takes shelter in the cellar of her ancestral farmhouse was inspired by the atmosphere in which she spent long hours writing *Octavia's Hill*.

"I was writing the novel in the cellar of our house in Brewer. If every day you go underground and you spend two or three hours there, it begins to seem to you a little like a fall-out shelter."

Just as Margaret finished writing *Octavia's Hill*, a phone call came from Houghton Mifflin. The editors had read *Monument* and were asking if she had any other novels that they could take a look at. It was an auspicious moment.

The editorial staff at Houghton Mifflin liked and purchased *Octavia's Hill*, which is now in its second printing. For a few suspenseful weeks it



looked as if Houghton Mifflin would also purchase *Monument*.

The Dicksons have two daughters, Jennie and Kylar, and are presently living in suburban Portland where Peter is employed at the Post Office Building. Of course, the Dicksons would prefer to live in the country where they could raise their own food. "But the problem with living in the country," Margaret explains, "is the number of hours spent in the automobile when you are bringing up kids."

Margaret often devotes upwards to six hours a day on her writing.

"I could never do this without the cooperation of my family. Pete is very supportive and does the cooking when I need writing time."

With the successful completion of *Maddy's Song*, scheduled to be published by Houghton Mifflin in the spring, Margaret Dickson at thirty-six seems destined to become a literary success beyond her fondest expectations. Already there are critics who are heralding her as "A new voice in American literature."

Jack Barnes is a teacher and writer from Hiram who is compiling material on Maine Women Writers.

other good sources of equipment. Small children can use their own snow boots and strap them into the skis. This means a child's foot can change sizes and not have to buy new skis or ski boots.

What about a waxless ski? Some cross country skis are made with tracks or fishscales on the bottom. The advantage is that they never need waxing. The grip is built into the bottom of the ski. However, somehow they never get the same amount of glide that a waxed ski gets and you have to work harder the whole time you're skiing. Besides, waxing skis is not all that difficult. I do have waxless skis for my young daughter. She doesn't have to bother waiting to get just the right kind of wax on her skis.

Isn't Waxing the skis difficult? Not really, after you get the hang of it. Most skis need waxing regularly to protect the bottom of the ski and to provide optimum glide and grip. If the bottoms are too smooth, you won't be able to climb hills. If the bottoms are too sticky, you won't be able to glide along on level and downhill sections. Knowing the sequence of waxes helps.

For skiing in Maine, I usually put a heavy base of green wax on at the beginning of the season. Then I put a blue wax over the green for about the two foot section under the foot of the ski. This works for almost all of the skiing conditions. It is best to start with a hard wax as it is easier to put a softer wax over the hard wax than a hard wax over a soft wax. I will need a softer stick wax or tube wax, called Klister, for slushy, spring snow. I really don't like putting Klister on for it is a pain to remove and it sticks to everything. Try out the wax you already have on the skis first (called the old wax). Generally this is fine. If you are sticking to the snow, add a harder wax. If you are slipping a lot and not getting enough traction, add a softer wax.

silver	green	blue	red	purple	yellow	red klister	yellow klister
the very coldest	most of our temperatures		warmer outside		32°F	above freezing	
Hard Wax				Soft Stick Wax		Soft Tube Wax	

What do I wear? It is amazing on the coldest days how little is needed to keep warm when skiing. Definitely not a down parka. I usually ski in a light sweater, carrying a wind-breaker or a light parka for when I stop to eat. I don't want wide pants on my legs. Regular jeans or knickers work fine. I do wear a hat, as we can lose so much body heat through our heads. Yet the gloves I start the trip with hardly ever stay on. A warm pair of socks is a must for the feet, preferably wool. Why so little on such a cold day? The body heat generated by the exertion of skiing keeps us plenty warm. It is only after stopping that it is important to layer the clothes back on, preventing excessive chilling due to cold sweat.

What about food? I almost pack a lunch, even for the shorter outings. Plan to bring along twice as much as you think you'll need. Skiing does work up an appetite. One favorite is hotdogs, planning time to build a fire and cook the hotdogs. Dried fruit is easy to carry and nutritious.

Remember to bring something to drink to replace the body fluids lost by sweat. Food can easily go into the backpack, leaving both hands free to ski.

Where can I ski? The beauty of this sport is that you can ski almost anywhere. I prefer my own backyard, making my own trail through the woods at whatever steepness is desired. Quite often the pace is slower while making my own trail. I have more chances to see wildlife and enjoy the woods. I can also go more often. Many touring centers have opened up the sport for more people. They maintain the ski trails and charge a nominal trail use fee. The novice can benefit with advice on skiing techniques and waxes. Many area schools are maintaining ski trails for their recreational ski programs. And they don't object to the public using them. But please don't use the ski team's racing trails.

The other great resource available to us is the snowmobile trail, maintained by the snowmobile clubs throughout the entire area. The



At lower right, Lynne & Bob Schott of Norway and Jim Chandler enjoy a lunch break along the trail.



HERITAGE METALCRAFT

ROUTE 202, SOUTH WINDHAM, MAINE 04082

Factory Store - Open 7 Days
Hand Cast Craft & Decorative Metalcraft

Cilla's Shoppe

190 Main St. - Norway, ME 04268
Priscilla Burke
743-9566

Perry & Vanderbilt • Ladies' Apparel

**When installing new carpet...
the "carpet" and the "installation"
are of equal importance**



With over 40 years
of combined experience,
Ken & Fred
will give you the
quality you deserve.
We have to...
Westake our names
on every job we do!

KEN & FRED'S

Main St. Norway, Maine 743-7293



HOMEOWNERS!

**If you live where there are no
fire hydrants, we have a discounted
insurance policy for you.**

Homeowners Insurance?

Call Today for competitive prices



743-6319



DAVID A. KLAIN AGENCY

173 Main St.

Norway

"Working hard to make insurance understandable"

The Blue Ribbon Shop

Sue Beckerley

215 Main St. — Norway

Come in...

**A refreshing place to exchange
ideas and enlighten your day.**

**Gifts • Cards • Stationery
Quality Handcrafts • Craft Supplies
Saturday Workshops**

Mon.—Fri.
10—5

Sat.
9—5

Sun.—Holidays
by chance

snow machines do have the right of way. When skiing on their trails, I keep one ear open for the approaching sound of the snowmobile. Then I step off the trail to let them pass. It is not much of a disadvantage considering we are using their trails. Two distinct advantages for these trails are: 1) a chance to ski a longer distance and come out at some known location and 2) if there was an accident, someone would probably come by on a machine and offer help. When skiing a distance it is wise to bring along the ski waxes as the snow conditions can change.

How do I learn to ski? Another advantage for this sport is that it doesn't take too long to be good enough at it to enjoy it. You can rent equipment at a ski touring center, take a lesson from them, and decide if you like the sport. Then you haven't invested in equipment that you'll never use. Another way to learn is to have someone who knows how to ski show you how. And a third way is to read a book on cross country skiing and learn how yourself.

Whether out for daily exercise, a chance to get outdoors, a longer ski tour, or a fast race, cross country skiing is a sport that offers much enjoyment. It is at a price most families can afford. Why not get out this

winter? I can't think of a better way to prevent or cure cabin fever in February than to put on those skis and head out, making the most of the place we live.

BitterSweet Views

rate as one of my cherished Christmas memories.

With Glory Dunn:

Roger Stanley of Norton Hardware in Kezar Falls has sent along a copy of a poem which recently commemorated the 150th anniversary of the Kezar Falls Methodist Church. It was first read at the centennial:

The Pioneers

One hundred years have come and gone
Since first our church its doors flung
wide

To usher in the longed-for dawn
Of better days with hope allied.

It was a small but earnest band
That chose the path John Wesley trod;
Their creed and faith went hand in hand
In worship of the living God.

Their names? You'll find them on the
stones,

Set in God's Acre on the hill;
Their voices sound in overtones
The doing of the Master's will.

Across the gulf that lies between
The finite and infinity.

We feel the force of love supreme
That lasts through all Eternity.

The times have changed and customs
change,

But truth has ever made men free
To re-explore the whole wide range
Of practical Christianity.

They had their times of storm and stress,
They had their times of rest and peace,
But moved straight on amid the press
Of earthly cares that never cease.

These pioneers shall be our guides
To lead us to the promised land,
Where discords cease and peace abides,
And faith and trust united stand.

It is our task to keep alight
The flame they nursed so long ago,
A beacon fair to guide aright
The steps of pilgrims here below.

R. F. Wormwood

Also, in the year ahead, look for a story on the old Parsonsfield Seminary.



Magic Chef®
Major Appliances
Available Here

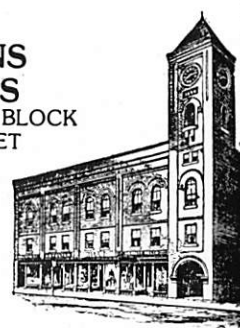


Kitchen & Bath Designs
106 Main Street - Norway - 743-7906

**HUTCHINS
JEWELERS**
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK
213 MAIN STREET
NORWAY

743-2891

*A Jewelry Store
Since 1895*



Dear Carolyn,

(Part IV)

Dear Carolyn,

Well, we four girls found Salt Lake City, Utah, a beautiful city in 1928—as it is now. With the map provided by their Chamber of Commerce, we visited their outstanding capitol building made of Georgia marble and white Utah onyx (among other materials); it had two memorable oil paintings on either side of the entrance hall—one of Brigham Young and the pioneers as they came through the desolate valley, the other of the place as it looked a year later, with grain in the valley and a child born seventeen days after their arrival.

The capitol dome had sea gulls arranged to look as if they were flying about a blue sky, for the sea gull, we were told, is Utah's sacred bird. When the pioneers came, their first crops were infested by locusts until great flocks of gulls came to eat the locusts and thus save their crops. On the ground floor, below the main hall, were some of the prairie wagons and carts used by the original pioneers in crossing the prairies.

We did the usual tourist things, including a trip to the Tabernacle to hear an organ recital. After lunch, we drove out the fifteen miles to Saltair, a famous resort, to swim in the Great Salt Lake. The odor, as one approached, resembled stale fish and cesspools, but seemed less repulsive as the water got deeper. It cost 35¢ to hire a bathing suit. The water was so heavy with salt that one's feet simply would not stay down, nor could one move them enough to swim; but the new sensations of being able to hold any position, no matter how ridiculous, without any effort, was mirth-provoking, and laughter was everywhere. Surprisingly, in spite of several showers after our dip, we kept that salt in our hair and on our skin for days afterward.

July 15th was an interesting day spent crossing the two hundred-mile Great Salt Lake Desert. At first there was sagebrush, then just salt and sand for forty miles. Salt beds were from a few inches to several feet thick and resembled a great New England lake in winter. To our surprise, there was water in the ditches alongside the long, straight road, and it looked like spring at home, when the brooks are melting. We were amused to experience a real mirage of lake and trees

where, as we came nearer, we could see there was nothing at all.

A real worry was water for the Model A, since the radiator boiled in that heat and drank water like a camel. Amazingly, though gas cost 33¢ a gallon in the desert, water was free; yet all of it had to be carried in.

The country after Salt Lake City was desolate: empty houses, barren land, no wildlife—though the railroad ran through and there were sectionhouses every five miles. But the Nevada hills came soon after we crossed through two mountain passes, and with them came flowers, rabbits, hawks, magpies, and other living things. The first few cows we saw actually had us waving to them in joy!

Our joy was short-lived, though, for before we could reach Reno, there were three hundred and nine miles more of desert and wasteland to traverse. Reno, in the late 1920's, was a small, uninteresting city, but it had a good campground, and we were too tired to be fussy. Nevada, then, though it was the fourth largest state in the Union, had a population of only 70,000, and of these only 49,000 were registered voters. The state received eight dollars in federal aid for every dollar they raised.

None too soon we were in California, our first objective being lovely Lake Tahoe. Though I have seen it twice since and dislike the changes, the lake itself is still that entrancingly beautiful blue in the depths and emerald green in the shallow places. When we first saw it, the water was clear and trees and mountains abounded. Dwellings were few and hidden among the trees.

By night time, we were just outside Sacramento, having crossed the Sierra Nevada mountains at 7,630 feet, and come through El Dorado National Forest. We were impressed by California's public buildings—especially their schools, which often seemed like elaborate dwellings. California's capitol could not live up to Salt Lake City, though it was wonderful to see so many trees. One interesting grove had a tree from every Civil War battlefield.

The golden hillsides outside cities and the constant evidence of irrigation made us very much aware that, in California, growing things means keeping them watered artificially.

My notes tell me we paid one dollar toll to cross a new, very high, very long bridge at Berkeley, then a toll of 60¢ to ferry across the bay to San Francisco. This must surely have been the Golden Gate Bridge, though my notes do not name it.

The traffic in San Francisco seemed uncontrolled except for occasional lights, and the system seemed to be "every man for himself." We felt time would be wasted trying to find our way around, so we settled for rooms at the Jones Street Y.W.C.A. and took bus tours for two and a half days and nights.

It would be hard to say what we enjoyed most, but probably it was Chinatown—the largest outside China at that time—and Golden Gate Park. There was much to be learned at both places. There would be so much to tell, it would take a whole letter, so I will skip it here, but will write it later if you want to know. We were surprised, at first, to notice there were no flies or mosquitos in the city. Then we realized they would freeze to death, for it was cold, damp, and foggy most of the time—58° that first evening.

We thought the city poorly lighted then, but they were just beginning to improve their civic center, and what already existed was lovely. Its present reputation as one of the world's most interesting cities proves their efforts were not in vain. Yes, Carolyn, we rode the cable cars and went to see all the parks and the Dolores Mission (founded in 1776) to see its old cemetery's wooden slab grave markers, and the Spanish, Italian and Latin writing on the old stone slabs. The waterfront was especially appealing. In fact, though we must surely have seen all the sights, we hated to leave, and only the prospect of the rodeo at Salinas appeased our regret.

The ride to Salinas was a treat, for we went through fruit and farming districts and saw many things growing. There were peaches, apricots, prunes, plums, nuts, peppers, figs, and artichokes growing right up to the road. Fruit stands were everywhere, and we bought peaches for one cent each! Often, the trees were so heavily laden, their branches were propped up by poles. Our route also took us through Leland Stanford University grounds and through Palo Alto, where flags and signs were welcoming home President Hoover.

But the rodeo was our objective, and the first thrill was seeing all the cowboys and girls with their colored shirts and kerchiefs, wide-brimmed Stetson hats, and high-heeled boots. In fact, it was hard to avoid seeing them, for there were crowds of them everywhere. In 1928, there were no rodeos in the east, and the whole affair was different. These were real working cowhands out to show their skills and compete with each other, rather than professionals whose livelihood was



the rodeo. Incidentally, the event was called the Ro-day-oh (not the ro-dee-oh of today) and cost us \$2.00 each for a grandstand seat. I will tell you about it all one day . . .

At five o'clock, it all came to an end, but we could have stayed on and on. We had to move on toward other things. From the cold and fog of Salinas, we went via Pacheco Pass along excellent roads to Merced and then Yosemite National Park. Except for irrigated places where fruit and melons grew and herds of cattle grazed on actual green grass, the fields were sunburned golden.

The park was filled to capacity, but we found a nice soft place away from the crowds in a valley, with cliffs all around. Regrettably, when we returned from sight-seeing the next day, we found a note on our tent telling us ours was not a camping spot and we would have to move on. Meanwhile, though, we had seen much of the park, had enjoyed the famous firefall event at nine o'clock the previous night. As a lovely baritone voice sang the Firefall Song, a bonfire which had been burning on Glacier Point was slowly pushed over the cliff to seem like a great red comet. That morning, we had seen the sunrise on Mirror Lake, and we had climbed to see the waterfalls (though many had little water at that time of year), so we left to visit another national park—this one the land of the giant trees, Sequoia National Park.

En route to Sequoia, we saw our first cotton fields with their pink and white blossoms; huge fig orchards; our first olive trees growing like shade trees beside the road, their light green, feathery-leaved branches covered with olives. Later, we came upon our first orange, lemon, and grapefruit trees, many melon vine areas, and the great Sunmaid raisin places where grapes abounded.

To reach Sequoia, one wound up and up for 16 miles—and it was worth the climb.

Hundreds of huge, tall, reddish-brown trees grew there—some said to be thousands of years old; like the General Sherman Tree, 373 ft. in diameter, 274 ft. high, and supposedly four to five thousand years old. All the trees were tall, straight giants, and, though many were half burned, they continued to grow, so great is the recuperative power of the sequoia. It was all so awesome to four girls from the northeast.

It seemed a shame to leave the coolness of that beautiful forest for the hot city of Los Angeles, but that was to be our next stopover, and our second time as guests of relatives.

As in Chicago, our hosts wasted no time in showing us their part of the country. Since Los Angeles did not seem to us as well-laid-out as Chicago, we were glad to have them as guides. Pasadena, the first exhibit, was then an area of beautiful homes and gardens, inhabited by wealthy people like Wrigley (the gum millionaire), Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, and other famous actors and actresses. The chief style of architecture seemed to be Spanish or Moorish—just right for there. Many bottlebrush, heather, flame trees, oleanders and poinsettia grew around the houses; all flowers new to us. The geraniums which we grew so happily in pots at home grew to be tremendous trees in these yards.

We were amazed to find bananas selling for three dozen for 25¢, lemons for 5¢ per dozen, and other fruits at comparable prices. This was, of course, before the days of refrigeration that made it possible and profitable to move California fruit all over the world.

One entire day was spent sailing to Catalina Island, first discovered in 1542, where Wrigley, the novelist Zane Grey, and others had homes. It was then a very popular trip. First came an hour's ride on an electric car, then a two-hour trip on a steamer. This was our first view of flying

fish, porpoises, and fish and vegetation deep in the water below a glass-bottomed boat. Most enjoyable and novel!

One Sunday afternoon was memorable: we went to see and hear famous evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson*—then more famous, perhaps, than any modern-day TV religious leader. Her "4-Square Temple" held five thousand people. There were bands and singers to create a great air of excitement. When Aimee herself pulled a white curtain aside and entered, beautifully gowned in a soft, expensive-looking white woolen garment with long flowing sleeves and a shoulder cape (we had front row seats and tried not to miss a thing!), she carried a huge bouquet of long-stemmed red roses. Her hair was light, tending toward auburn in color and piled in curls. She had a large mouth and beautiful teeth. In fact, she was very good to look at, positively fascinating, and an excellent actress. Since, during the long prayer, we peeked and found her giving directions to her assistant, we decided she was more an actress than a devout religious leader.

One of our longest days while in L.A. was the day we rose at 4:30 a.m. to drive via Santa Anna, San Clemente (then a wholly Spanish or Mexican town), to San Diego and across the border into Mexico. The lovely San Juan Capistrano Mission, en route, was a joy. Tijuana, Mexico, I'm afraid, was disappointing—already a tourist trap, then. But the drive along the Pacific coast was much more to our taste.

Looking back now, I am amused to see that we were surprised that most girls in California were stockingless, but that the men wore their hats, even in that hot climate. Los Angeles' lights at night from the nearly hills in 1928 (and still, when I was a guest there in 1970) was a sight all residents showed their guests with justifiable pride. You must not miss it when you are there, Carolyn.

It was now August. We had gone as far west as there was land to travel on, and it was time to head home.

In one more letter, dear, I will tell you about the trip home. It seems hard to believe but fifty-five years ago, before the age of television, all of these sights were new and thrilling to four young girls traveling by themselves.

Love,
Grandma Harlow

Next month: the Conclusion
(back to New England)

*Evangelist made most famous by her daring disappearance one day when she walked into the ocean.

The General Store for

PETS

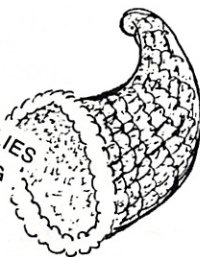
We carry
items you've
never seen
before. . . .

Preppie dog collars
Royal Penny shampoo
Retrieving Dummies
Happy Jack Products
Triumph Pet Foods
Tethered House Mouse
Books & Prints
Bird Food & Feeders
Grooming Items
Horse Supplies



... close
... convenient
... complete

NEEDLECRAFT SUPPLIES
DRY CLEANING
HAIR CARE
BANKING
HARDWARE
PHARMACEUTICALS
GIFTS, SUNDRIES
CLOTHING FOR ALL
AGES & SIZES
INSURANCE
DENTAL CARE
WEIGHT WATCHERS
PET SUPPLIES



**SKI TAGS
PLUS**

**SPECIAL
30%
OFF ANY
PARKA
WITH THIS
COUPON**

Offer expires 2/28/83.

THE FALMOUTH SHOPPING CENTER, RT. 1

*Housie's
Yarn
Barn*

specialty
yarns
and
100% wool
yarns

- counted cross-stitch
- needle point
- crewel
- lessons for all in everything

Casual Colony

casual sportswear
and dresses



Cruise Wear
Arriving Daily



Weight Watchers Puts The "Quick"
Into Safe Weight Loss
With Our New
Quick Start Program.

NEW
Quick Start
PROGRAM FROM WEIGHT WATCHERS

PORTLAND AREA 781-4403
TOLL FREE 1-800-492-0146

© Weight Watchers International, Inc. 1984
owner of the Weight Watchers and Quick Start
trademarks

**Coastal
Apparel Outlet**

VANDY HANES LEVI LEE
MADEWELL DICKIES
NORTHERN ISLE CALVIN-KLEIN

"Quality Clothing For Less"

**STATE FARM
Family
Insurance
Checkup**

1982 State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company

It's the simple way to answer
any questions about your
family insurance protection.
And it's free. Call me.

KEVIN HEIKKINEN
781-5113

State Farm Insurance Companies
Home Offices: Bloomington, Illinois



**The Knudsen
Studio - Shop**

GIFTS, CARDS, & STATIONERY

**SPECIAL
1/2 PRICE
FRAME SALE**

Beverley & Richard Knudsen



**Rte. 25 • Cornish, ME 04020
1-207-625-3953**

For more than a century, The Cornish Country Inn has welcomed travelers in southern Maine with comfortable lodging and a full country breakfast—just 27 miles from No. Conway, N.H. and only 32 miles from Portland.

**In the foothills
of the White Mountains**



*The Cornish
Country
Inn*

Bed and Breakfast